

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LXVI.

No. 3690 March 27, 1915

FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXXIV.

CONTENTS

I. The Source of Germany's Might. <i>By Col. A. Keene.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	771
II. Ireland in War-Time. <i>By Robert Lynd.</i>	ENGLISH REVIEW	778
III. The Pomanders. Chapter XXX. Finery. Chapter XXXI. The End. <i>By Arthur Fetterless. (Concluded.)</i>		783
IV. Modern Battle Craft. <i>By C. Wiener.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	790
V. The London of Thackeray's Novels. <i>By E. Beresford Chancellor.</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	793
VI. Old Pipriac. <i>By Charles Oliver.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	797
VII. The Navy and Its Work.	SATURDAY REVIEW	801
VIII. Etiquette.	NEW STATESMAN	805
IX. Oxford in War Time.	PUNCH	809
X. Pitfalls in Bookland.	SPECTATOR	810
XI. The Pilgrims of Hope.	TIMES	812
XII. The Government, the Workmen and the War.	NATION	816
XIII. Constantinople. <i>By J. Ellis Barker.</i>	OUTLOOK	819

A PAGE OF VERSE

XIV. Death or Life. <i>By Frances A. Manks.</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	770
XV. Song of the Zeppelin. <i>By Violet D. Chapman.</i>	BOOKMAN	770
XVI. Invocation. <i>By Rhya Carpenter.</i>		770
		821

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

DEATH OR LIFE.

Is it to live—to join the quest for pleasure,
To seek each day some fresh, untried delight,
To have few calls upon our time and leisure,
To hurry here and there for some new sight?

Is it to live—to turn away from sorrow,
To have enough while others feel deep need,
To rest to-day and not to toil to-morrow,
To seek the good of self by act and deed?

Is it not rather dying hour by hour—
The slow paralysis of heart and mind,
The sure decay of talents and of power,
The deepening darkness of those growing blind?

Do they not live who spend themselves for others,
Who rise up early and who late take rest;
Who daily toil to aid their poorer brothers,
Are they not drinking deeply of life's best?

Do they not live who fight and battle ever
Against the forces of disease and pain?
Can any joy compare with the keen pleasure
Of those who make the blind to see again?

'Tis true such life means daily self-denial,
Not rest and peace, but toil and ceaseless strife;
But 'tis alone by conflict and by trial
Men gain the fullest and most perfect life.

Frances A. Manks.

Chambers's Journal.

SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN.

The night-wind is humming,
My engines are thrumming,
Swift as a spark
Through the night and the dark

I am silently speeding;
Hovering grim and gray
Over my human prey,
Sowing the seeds of dearth
Over the stricken earth,

Where nations lie bleeding.

Ship without sails am I,
Bird without wings am I,
Lord of the gales am I,
Terror of Kings am I,—
I am the Zeppelin!

The cities are sleeping,
Their searchlights are sweeping,
Into the skies
I advance, I arise,
Where the distance grows vaster;
See where the sky grows red,
Lit by the bombs I shed—
Stealthy and swift,
I fling them my gift,
Death and disaster!

Mark well the flight of me,
Ships! Have a care of me!
Shrink at the sight of me!
Cities! Beware of me!
I am the Zeppelin!

Violet D. Chapman.

The Bookman.

INVOCATION.

Men of old, men of old,
Hearts of iron, lips of gold,
Spirits of intensest fire,
Lovers of the sword and lyre,
Conquerors in ancient lands,
Journeymen on unknown strands,
Voyagers upon the seas

From misty Pontus in the East
To thunderous gates of Heracles;
Glad and wise amid the feast,
Singers of the songs of gold,
Fearless, faithful, strong and bold,
Join me to your shadow throng,
Teach me ritual of song,
Give me, as ye had of old,
Heart of iron, lips of gold.

Rhoda Carpenter.

THE SOURCE OF GERMANY'S MIGHT.

The papers ought to put things as they are—viz. that we are up against a brave, determined, and ferocious enemy, who use their brains and are without any very nice scruples; that it takes the French, Russians, and ourselves (I leave out Belgians, Serbians, and Montenegrins) all our time to match them, and that we want more men and highly trained men—especially highly trained men—and every ingenious device and method that can be suggested, to defeat them.

—*Extract from a letter from a Field Officer, R.F.A., serving in France, dated late in December 1914.*

If we are to be honest with ourselves, as the candid Pepys used to be when he wrote up his diary in the last days of each expiring year, we shall, on striking our balance for 1914, be forced to admit the truth of the remarks of the outspoken Gunner which are taken as the text of this article.

Whether we are thus honest or not, the historian of the future, if he writes with calm detachment and impartiality, will have to admit that the outstanding feature at the end of last year was the tremendous power exhibited by Germany in the Titanic struggle which convulsed Europe in the latter half of the year 1914. He will have to record the fact that, after five months of fighting, Germany, with very little help from Austria, was holding up the vast armies of Russia with one hand and those of France and Great Britain with the other; that the German eagle held the whole of Belgium in one cruel talon, while the other one was plunged deep in the heart of Russian Poland, and that the sacred soil of the Fatherland remained practically untouched.

The whole world knows that all

the pleadings of Lord Roberts failed to induce this country to face the truth of Germany's preparations and the resolve of her leaders to force on a war at such time as would suit them best; but now that events have proved the truth of his warnings, let us "put things as they are," let us boldly face the facts of the situation and set resolutely to work to put things right.

After admitting the might of Germany—a might which, to use a favorite expression with Germans, may well be described as "colossal"—the first thing we have to do is to probe the secret of that stupendous power which, in our view, is being so mischievously applied. Mr. Asquith told us at the Guildhall Banquet that

We shall never sheathe the sword . . . until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

It will surely, then, repay us to study the source of that military power which is now holding three great empires at bay.

To conduct this study properly we must go back to the early years of the nineteenth century, and review the events which forced Prussia to adopt her present system of military service.

During the years 1804 and 1805 Napoleon had been making vast preparations for the invasion of England; 150,000 soldiers had been collected and carefully trained for this purpose, and elaborate plans made for combining the French and Spanish fleets, raising the blockade of the French ports, and convoying across the Channel the vast fleet of transports in which the great army of invasion was to be carried. When, in the autumn of 1805, these plans miscarried, Napo-

leon directed towards the Danube the whole of the carefully trained army which he had prepared for the invasion of England. The victories of Ulm and Austerlitz followed in quick succession, and in July 1806 Napoleon succeeded in forming the Confederation of the Rhine. By the Act of Confederation Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, and other smaller German States were severed from the Germanic Empire and formed into a League under the protection of Napoleon. Hanover, which Napoleon had at first given to Prussia as the price of her subserviency, was offered to Great Britain. This indignity aroused bitter feelings in Berlin, and while public opinion was thus excited Palm, a bookseller of Nuremberg, was shot by order of a French court-martial on the charge of having published books hostile to the French. Prussia dashed headlong into war; the King took the field with all the troops he could collect, amounting to 120,000 men, and left Berlin amid shouts and songs of joy and anticipated triumph.

Their exultation was short-lived; the Duke of Brunswick, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian forces, was an old man, and, though bold in conception of strategy, he failed in resolution of execution. He took the offensive, intending to march through Elsenach to the valley of the Maine, thus threatening the communications of Napoleon with France. But he had a bold and skilful antagonist; and no sooner did Napoleon penetrate his design than he resolved to retaliate. The French troops were at once set in motion from Bavaria towards Saxony, marching straight on the Prussian magazines. Thus outmanœuvred, the Duke of Brunswick countermanded his advance and moved towards Erfurt and Weimar. On the 14th of October 1806 Napoleon defeated the Prussians

at the great battle of Jena and pushed the pursuit to Weimar, a distance of eighteen miles. On the same day his Marshal, Davout, overthrew another Prussian army under the King at Auerstadt.

After these disasters the whole of the Prussian army seems to have gone to pieces. The victorious French gave them no rest, and day after day fresh disasters overtook the unfortunate vanquished. Erfurt fell on the 16th of October; the general reserves of the Prussian army were overwhelmed at Halle on the 17th by Bernadotte; the great fortress of Magdeburg, distant one hundred miles from Jena, was abandoned by the retreating Prussians on the 23rd; on the 28th the remnants of their main army surrendered at Prenzlau, nearly two hundred miles from the fatal field of Jena. Meanwhile the fortresses of Spandau, near Berlin, and of Stettin and Custrin on the Oder were given up without any resistance, and so vigorous and determined was the French pursuit that by the 23rd of November the light troops of Davout were at Posen, in Prussian Poland, having covered in twenty-one days a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, measured as the crow flies.

History can hardly reveal so complete a collapse, for it was estimated that the total strength of the Prussian army in the year 1806 was close upon 250,000 men; this was the army which Frederick the Great had led so often to victory, and the great leader had hardly been twenty years in his grave.

How are we to account for a *débâcle* so great and so unexpected? The causes require examination and explanation. Frederick the Great had found it necessary to keep up an army large in proportion to the population of his kingdom. Compulsion was applied, but it was not applied

universally, for the King was anxious that trade and industry should be interfered with as little as possible, and the professional, urban and citizen classes were given wholesale exemption from military service. Thus the burden of service, so far as the ranks of the army were concerned, fell entirely upon the agricultural and rural population, who at that time were serfs, and thus possessed neither civil rights nor property to defend.

Again, as has been already said, the population of Prussia was small; it became necessary, therefore, to retain for long periods with the colors those who were impressed into the ranks; the period of service was indeed as long as twenty years.

The ranks of the Prussian army were thus filled with the poorest and the least intelligent of the Prussian people, and men who, seeing others excused, served unwillingly; desertions were frequent, and the King had to resort to all kinds of expedients for keeping up the number of soldiers required. Contracts were therefore made with the colonels for the recruiting of whole regiments of foreigners, and these regiments were kept full by getting prisoners of war to enlist in the place of those who died or deserted. It is estimated that out of 160,000 men in his army, Frederick the Great had 90,000 foreigners and only 70,000 Prussians.

The soldiers of this army, composed, as we have seen, of discontented and oppressed Prussians, of renegades, desperate and broken foreigners, were kept under the command of officers who came entirely from the aristocratic classes, accustomed to rule with harshness over the serfs of the rural population. This natural and inherited harshness was no doubt accentuated by the desperate character of many of the men who served in this unfortunate army; we

know, at any rate, that the most brutal and degrading punishments were inflicted constantly upon the Prussian soldiers at that time.

It must not, however, be assumed that harshness and brutality were the only characteristics of the men of high rank who were the officers of the old Prussian army. Harsh and brutal punishments were, indeed, far too prevalent in the British army both before and after the time with which we are dealing, and, like our own officers, those of the Prussian army were generally distinguished for loyalty, courage, and devotion. In the days of Frederick the Great, though the men were treated with severity, yet the officers had strict injunctions to see that the creature comforts of the soldiers were well looked after, and that they were not cheated of their small perquisites. The soldiers were consoled also by the pomp and glory of successful wars, and by the booty which often fell to their lot.

But these wars ceased almost entirely after 1763, and the Prussian army enjoyed a long interval of peace, during which the officers appear to have become rusty; attention was concentrated almost entirely on the barrack-square drill and the appearance and turn-out of the soldiers. Even before the battle of Jena the men deserted in large numbers, and when corps and battalions were once broken up in the retreat which followed the disasters of that fatal day they simply melted away.

What else could be expected from an army formed on such a system as has been described, a system, as Professor Seeley says, "which rested on ignorance and terror"?

What could be worse tyranny [he asks] than to seize upon the peasant and subject him for twenty years to a brutal discipline and to the risks of war, in order that he might defend

a country to which he owed scarcely anything, while those who owed comfort and happiness to the State were not called upon to risk anything for it?

This, then, was the army system which broke down so completely on the day of trial, and enabled Napoleon to heap insult and oppression on the luckless Prussians.

For though Mr. Norman Angell has proved to his own satisfaction, and to that of many other worthy folk, that war brings little or no advantage to the conqueror, yet, in the years which followed Jena, the Prussians were to realize in full the bitter truth of the old cry "*Vae Victis!*"

Napoleon demanded of Prussia an indemnity of 40,000,000*l.*, and, knowing well that she could not pay this enormous fine, decreed that until it was discharged Prussia should maintain 40,000 French troops whom he quartered upon the unhappy country.

Foreign trade was rendered practically impossible, for Prussia was forbidden to trade with England, and England controlled all the seas and would allow no dealings with any other country.

The King of Prussia, whose army had numbered a quarter of a million, was forbidden to keep up more than 42,000 soldiers. The price of food was high, but as trade was nearly dead the wages of labor were very low, and so terrible was the poverty among the peasants that in 1808 the Prussian Government published a list of roots and herbs that would maintain life. Prussian territory was so reduced that the population fell from ten millions to five.

Such was the desperate condition of the country when the great reformers, Stein and Scharnhorst, set to work.

Stein abolished serfdom in Prussia. Up to his time the Prussian peasant was little more than a slave; he

could not move freely from place to place or change his occupation; he belonged to the soil, and was forced to perform menial services for the lord of the manor. Stein not only set the peasants free, but he induced the King to sign measures which were the beginning of civil liberty in Germany, and he was preparing the way for a national constitution in Prussia when he was dismissed under orders issued by Napoleon.

But it was Scharnhorst who, aided by men like Blücher and Gneisenau, introduced the army reforms with which we are most concerned in this article.

Napoleon, as we have seen, limited the numbers of the Prussian army to 42,000 men, but Scharnhorst got round this difficulty by discharging a few men from each company as soon as they were trained, and filling their places with others. The men who were discharged were not lost sight of; they were looked after in their homes by officers who were nominally retired, but who really received small salaries on the understanding that they should drill these reserve soldiers from time to time. But the greatest change of all was that the former exemptions were abolished and the principle was established that everyone who was not serving the State in any other capacity was bound to render effective military service. In conjunction with this great reform, two very important changes were introduced: first, the abolition of the privileges under which the nobles alone could hold commissions as officers; secondly, the abolition of flogging. As regards the first, it was pointed out by Scharnhorst and his supporters that the richer and more cultivated classes could hardly be expected to submit to compulsory service unless they had the hope of rising to the higher positions in the army,

and that the competition thus set up between the noble and the citizen class would give rise to wholesome emulation. As for the second, Scharnhorst reasoned in the following forcible terms:

If the nation is to regard itself as the defender of the country, it must not in this new quality be threatened with the most degrading punishments. But if we want to have back the foreigners, the vagabonds, scots, thieves, rogues, and other criminals out of all Germany, who ruin the nation and make the Army hateful to the citizen, and then desert as soon as the march begins, then, no doubt, we shall not be able to do without the old punishments. For infamous fellows we shall want infamous punishments.

Finally, as men were now to be had in sufficient numbers, owing to the abolition of exemptions, it was decreed that service with the colors should be limited to six years.

Let us recapitulate the reforms which differentiated the army of Prussia which went to pieces in the campaign of 1806 from the armies which marched to Paris in 1814 and 1815, and again in 1870.

Liability to service was made universal instead of partial, and exemptions were abolished.

Short service was introduced.

Promotion was thrown open to all who could establish a claim for it.

Degrading punishments were abolished.

Briefly stated thus, how simple do these measures sound, but they were founded on great moral principles, and proved to be the basis of all the army reforms which enabled Germany to throw off the French yoke in 1813, and to maintain herself for a hundred years as the leading military nation of the world.

Simultaneously with these reforms, which granted freedom to the people

and introduced just and liberal principles to the army, there came a great uplifting of the spirit of the Prussian people. Jahn, the "father" of German gymnastics, combined training in love of country with his lessons in physical culture; Fichte and other professors wrote and lectured on patriotism; Arndt and Körner wrote and sang the songs of German liberty and freedom, and when the call to arms came in 1813 it found the Prussian people not only trained to arms but braced in spirit and in body for the great struggle.

The call to arms which was made by the King of Prussia in February 1813 was addressed not to his army but to his people—"An mein Volk"—and nobly did the people respond.

The Prussian army furnished a contingent of some 100,000 men, but the Landwehr or national militia supplied 135,000 infantry and over 13,500 cavalry; there were also a few volunteer corps in addition.

Behind the Landwehr came the Landsturm, or "Levée en Masse" of the people. Every citizen who was not already enrolled in the army or the militia was to join the Landsturm when ordered. In each district landowners were to select a local defence committee, which was to decide on the measures by which the district could be most effectively defended, but the great duty of this levy of the people was to harass the enemy, if the country was invaded, to drive away cattle, remove food, lay waste the country, capture the enemy's hospitals, carry out night surprises—in short, to worry the enemy, rob him of his sleep, destroy him piecemeal, wherever a chance offered.

Peasants who had burned down their houses or their mills were to have their losses made good to them, but no one was to be indemnified for cattle seized by the enemy.

Such was the spirit and determination of the Prussian people in 1813, and what a contrast does it offer to the abject terror displayed by the Prussian army and the people in 1806, when large garrisons, full of soldiers and well supplied with provisions and ammunition, were surrendered one after the other to the French, and the conquerors were welcomed with effusion by the people in many of the towns.

Ill-clad and ill-supplied as they were, the men of the Prussian Landwehr, dressed, many of them, in uniforms sent hurriedly over from England, marched through wet and cold to the outskirts of Paris; and the gallantry and devotion of these militia volunteers in this campaign is a striking instance of the spirit which can be aroused in a people which has been taught, by the rendering of universal military service, that the first duty of a citizen is to be trained for the service of his country in the hour of danger.

If only Englishmen would study the grand struggle for liberty which Prussia made just a hundred years ago and compare her position after Jena with that which she held when the present War broke out!

In 1807, says Alison, the Prussian nobles were straitened in their fortunes by French requisitions and exposed to insults from French officers; the merchants reduced to despair by the entire stoppage of foreign commerce; the peasants ground to the dust by merciless exactions, supported by military force. The population had shrunk till it numbered barely five million people.

In 1914 Prussia stood at the head of the great German Empire, which has a population of sixty-five millions, and could call, in the last resort, five million trained soldiers to her colors. Her export trade was the second great-

est in the whole world, and her voice second to none in the councils of the nations. She had within the passing of a few years launched upon the waters of the North Sea a fleet so large that Britain, once proud mistress in every sea, had had to call in her ships from distant stations, as Rome of old called in her legions. And all the strength of Prussia rests upon this: that after the great War of Liberation was ended her rulers had the wisdom to retain the strong, sane, and simple system of universal military service which had come into being under the pressure of Napoleon's grinding tyranny.

As was said early in this article, the people of Great Britain believe that Germany is making but an evil use of the great weapon which, under the leadership of Prussia, she has forged. But we must in honesty admit that the weapon is a fine one, and that it was forged originally for a noble purpose. And it is useless for us to squeal against the use to which German power is being put; the only protest that will be of any avail will be the victory that we must gain by force of arms.

The task before us was described in glowing words by Mr. Asquith in the speech to which we have already referred:

We shall never sheathe the sword [said the Prime Minister] until Belgium recovers in full measure all and more than all that she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression; until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation; until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

Proud as we are of the skill, devotion, and courage of French's "contemptible little army," we cannot fail to see that the task sketched out for us by Mr. Asquith has not even begun

yet. Belgium is absolutely at the mercy of her conquerors, who are now demanding from her a heavy indemnity; a large portion of France is held by German forces; Serbia has, indeed, by strenuous fighting, freed her soil from the invader, but the rights of Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg rest upon a very insecure foundation, and the military power of Prussia shows but little sign of being crushed.

On the contrary, from figures carefully compiled by the Military Correspondent of *The Times*, there is reason to believe that Germany has still at her disposal some four million men who were untrained at the beginning of the War, but who may be expected to be ready for the field in the spring of the present year.

It is true, as the same authority tells us, that we need not fear a war of masses, "because the population of the Allies is double that of the enemy, their resources much greater, and their spirit at least equal." But, as he also says, "Victory in the field does not necessarily arise on account of the possession of masses of men or money," but depends, among other things, "upon the timely arrangement of appropriate military measures."

Let us then examine such of the military measures as the military authorities have found it practicable to reveal to us.

We started the War with a Regular establishment, exclusive of the British troops in India and of the Army Reserve, of 186,000 men. On the 6th of August Mr. Asquith, asked Parliament for half a million more men; on the 9th of September he asked for a second half million, and on the 16th of November Parliament voted an additional million, bringing the total number voted for the Regular Army up to 2,186,000 men. This was exclusive of the Territorial Force, which,

with its Reserve units, absorbs over 600,000 men. If we add the numbers required for the Navy, the total numbers needed for the fighting forces are seen to be approximately three million men. Another quarter of a million men are needed for the Merchant Marine, the ships of which bring us the food for our people and the raw material for our industries. We need, then, well over three million men, of a high standard of physical efficiency, for absolutely indispensable work, and most of these must be between the ages of nineteen and thirty-five. What are our resources in men of these ages? The census of 1911 shows that there are in the British Isles over six million men between those ages, but as many of these are not up to the high physical standard required, it may be safely said that, according to the Estimate passed by the House of Commons on the 16th of November last, the services of every able-bodied man of suitable age will be required before the War is over.

But, it may be asked, is it really necessary for Great Britain to place so many soldiers in the field? The reply to this question is to be found in the despatch of the Eye-Witness with Sir John French's Headquarters, published in the morning papers of the 4th of December:

It is well [he says] that the services of those who died on the slopes and in the woods along the Franco-Belgian frontier should be realized. . . . Theirs it has been to defend against tremendous odds a line that could only be maintained if they were prepared to undergo great sacrifices. And this they have done. But . . . the same task lies before the British Army—of maintaining its share in the struggle until the nation in arms shall come to our support.

And the same despatch ends with the words:

This war is going to be one of ex-

haustion; and after the regular armies of the belligerents have done their work it will be upon the measures taken to prepare and utilize the raw material of the manhood of the countries concerned that final success will depend. This implies trained men—hundreds of thousands of trained and disciplined men.

An Army Order issued on New Year's Day tells us that such of the trained and disciplined men as are ready are to be distributed in six Armies, commanded by Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Sir Archibald Hunter, Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir Leslie Rundle, and Sir Bruce Hamilton respectively. All these are soldiers of tried experience in the field, and we may be sure that the troops they lead will be well handled. But it seems also certain that if these six Armies, composed, as the Army Order says they will be, of three Army Corps each, are to be maintained in the field, then the whole of the two million men voted by Parlia-

ment will be needed—and needed soon.

"Eye-Witness," writing on the last day of the Old Year, warns us that the Germans believe that Russia has been beaten; that France is exhausted and ready to ask for peace, and finally,

that England is decadent, and that her people are engrossed in football matches. This idea [he adds] is due, apparently, to the fact that we are still relying on what appears to them a half-measure, such as voluntary service, and are not, like other nations, enrolling the whole of our manhood for the prosecution of the war.

To sum up: four of the five great nations now engaged in this tremendous struggle are relying on universal service, while England continues to rely on voluntary enrolment. Never have the people of the British Isles had a finer chance of proving the superiority of the voluntary system. Will they avail themselves of it?

The Nineteenth Century and After.

A. Keone.

IRELAND IN WAR-TIME.

Most people have more or less forgotten Home Rule since the Germans crashed into Belgium in the beginning of August. In Ireland it is still the question of the day. The Unionist Ulsterman and the Home Ruler of the South agree in this, that each of them regards the present bloody war of the nations of Europe as being in its most important aspect the last round of the fight between the Nationalists and the Orangemen. Both of them are on the same side, no doubt. That is the comedy of the matter. They feel that in fighting the Germans they are fighting each other. They fight the Germans in the same spirit of rivalry in which they sing "God Save the King." In Belfast nothing exas-

perates a Nationalist more than to hear a Unionist singing "God Save the King," and nothing exasperates a Unionist more than to hear a Nationalist singing "God Save the King." Each of them, as a matter of fact, means a different thing when he sings it: the Nationalist means the King who signed the Home Rule Bill, the Unionist the King who will sign another Bill repealing this. There has, I think, been less tension between the working classes on the two sides since the war broke out. But the middle classes, as you will see if you look at their newspapers, still go for each other hammer and tongs like the rival mothers over the baby that Solomon threatened to cut in two. In

the present instance the baby over whom the quarrel has arisen is Ireland.

So much has to be realized before one can understand the prominence recently given in the Press to the literature of the so-called pro-German party in Ireland. The partisan Ulsterman and the partisan Nationalist would each give his boots to be able to prove the other a pro-German. The Nationalist points to the pro-German record of the Ulstermen before the war; he contends that the Ulstermen helped to precipitate the war by creating a wrong impression in Berlin with their speeches and actions. He quotes one Ulster leader after another in the same vein as Captain Craig, M.P., who, in the *Morning Post* of January 9, 1911, declared: "Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of Mr. John Redmond, Patrick Ford, and the Molly Maguires"; and there is a still livelier quotation from *The Irish Churchman*, which published a letter stating: "We have the offer of aid from a Continental monarch, who, if Home Rule is forced on the Protestants of Ireland, is prepared to send an army sufficient to release England of any further trouble in Ireland by attaching it to his Dominions . . . and should our King sign the Home Rule Bill the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this Continental deliverer." To all this the Nationalist adds, with sinister pleasure, the reminder that Baron Kuhlmann, Prince Lichnowsky's right-hand man at the Germany Embassy, crossed over to Ulster at the height of the crisis, and was entertained by leading Unionists in Belfast. There you have the party case against the Ulsterman—the case for calling the Ulsterman a pro-German. He is not a pro-German, of course, but that does not matter. It is none the less

necessary to remember the case made against him when one comes to consider the case which he in turn makes against the Nationalist. Both cases are chiefly for English consumption. They are meant in the one instance to save, and in the other to damn, Home Rule.

The Ulster Unionist Press does not directly accuse the Nationalists of being pro-Germans. It confines itself chiefly to hints and exclamations of surprise. It affects astonishment over the figures for recruiting in a stage whisper, and with a "Dear, dear!" expression quotes freely from those weekly and monthly papers which, in their opposition to the enlistment of Irishmen in the British Army, justified the German invasion of Belgium, and even in one or two cases cried, "Hoch, der Kaiser!" The Unionists, if they really wished to learn what Ireland thinks about the war, could turn to the Nationalist daily Press, which is as eagerly on the side of the Allies as the Press of Paris itself. But they did not do this. Instead, they—or one of their organizations—bought up large quantities of the less widely-sold pro-German or anti-recruiting papers, stamped them prominently in blue ink with the inscription, "This is an Irish Nationalist paper," and posted them off to as many innocent Englishmen as possible, with the manifest object of impressing them with the notion that Ireland is as pro-German now as she was pro-Boer fifteen years ago. The Ulster Unionists applaud South Africa because Botha and the majority of South Africans are on the side of the Allies. Why is it that they do not applaud Ireland because Mr. Redmond and the majority of the Irish are on the side of the Allies? They judge South Africa by its Botha party; they judge Ireland by its De Wet party. Why is this? Why, in order to create

a public opinion in England which will repeal the Home Rule Act when the war is over.

Irish opinion is overwhelmingly in favor of the Allies. That is the outstanding fact of the situation. Who, then, it may be asked, are the pro-Germans whom some Unionists prefer to quote as the more significant representatives of Irish opinion? Well, in the first place, many of them are not pro-Germans at all. Some of them, as I know from letters I have had, even desire that the Allies should win. They include the readers of the *Leader*, a clerical-constitutionalist weekly, which anticipated the *Freeman's Journal* by many years in studying the tune of "God Save the King"; the readers of *Sinn Féin*, which demands the restoration of Grattan's Parliament; the readers of *Irish Freedom*, who are Separatists and Republicans in the tradition of Wolfe Tone; the readers of the *Irish Worker*, who follow Mr. Larkin in a kind of Nationalist Syndicalism; and Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, a clever journalist of fiery courage, who, like Mr. Healy, is a party in himself. (Some of these papers, by the way, have ceased publication owing to official threats against the printers.) With many probably it is a case not of pro-Germanism, but of being in favor of Ireland's remaining neutral. The party of neutralists are chiefly Nationalists who regard Ireland as a separate nation, in the same way in which Denmark or Switzerland is a separate nation, and who hold, in consequence, that Ireland is no more called on to precipitate herself into a European conflict like the present than Denmark or Switzerland is. They are afraid that, if Mr. Redmond has his way, Ireland will fall from her high destiny as the Irish nation and sink into the position of an English county, differing from the other

English counties chiefly in the fact that she will have lost her soul. If Ireland had been an independent nation, it is almost certain that these people, too, would have been enthusiasts for the cause of the Allies. But they look on it as a sign of subjection that their country should be expected to go into the war willy-nilly, instead of being left to decide on its course of action for itself through a native Parliament. No one can understand what is called pro-Germanism in Ireland without understanding the ideal of which it is the mistaken expression. The little band of extreme Irish Nationalists who are opposing Mr. Redmond just now oppose him less because of any theory of the rights or wrongs of the war than because they differ from him in their theory of what Irish freedom is meant to be. They believe mystically in the coming of an Irish civilization which will be as distinct, separate, and beautiful as was the civilization of ancient Greece. They believe that in Ireland, as in Shelley's *Hellas*—

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime.

They live in the past and in the future; they do not understand Mr. Redmond's servitude to the present. They have never followed Mr. Redmond because they have mostly regarded the Home Rule for which he fought as a mere tricky form of Unionism. Some of them even are more in sympathy with Sir Edward Carson than with Mr. Redmond. They like the separatism of his volunteer movement. They love him as an Irishman who, like themselves, holds fast to the "all or nothing" principles of Brand. They declare that, if England attempts to coerce Ulster into Home Rule by force of arms, they will take their places in the fir-

ing line beside their Unionist fellow-countrymen. One Nationalist of this view went so far as to lend his motor-car to the Ulster Unionists to help them in distributing their arms on the night of the great gun-running affair at Larne. Thus, if the Ulster Unionist were even-handed in his epithets, he would call the extreme Nationalist not only a pro-German, but a pro-Unionist. Those who do not know Ireland will regard the whole situation as wildly illogical. But there is a curious logic running through it all, if you admit certain premises. It is not, unfortunately, the logic of a world in which two and two ever make four. Personally, I may say that I admit some of these premises, but not others. I share the hope and the faith in the Ireland that will give to the world another Hellas. I cannot agree, however, with those who regard the Home Rule Act as worthless; I believe that its repeal would do a deadly injury to Irish civilization for another half-century. Nor can I agree that any Irish Nationalist has the right, on any plea whatever, to defend the action of an aggressive Empire like the German in violating and plundering a small nation like Belgium for selfish ends. Ireland, in wishing well to the Allies, seems to me to be merely acting in accordance with the true Nationalist faith.

At the same time, it is worth the Englishman's while to put himself in the place of the Irish Nationalist and ask himself whether, in the same circumstances, he might not have been almost persuaded to join the extremists. I will leave out of the question the historical case for Irish Nationalism, which even many Unionists admit is of a kind to leave Irishmen mistrustful. But take only the events of the past six or seven months. The first event which happened in con-

firmation of the traditional mistrust was the Government's proclamation against the importation of arms into Ireland immediately after the Nationalist Volunteers came into existence, though the Ulster Volunteers had been allowed to import arms freely for many months. The second event was the attempt on the part of Dublin Castle officials to resist by force the landing of arms by the Irish Volunteers at Howth, and the subsequent affray in the streets of Dublin, in which a number of civilians were shot dead by the soldiers; this incident, though the Government disowned and condemned it, "out-Zaberned Zabern" in the minds of the Irish public; that is the phrase used about it to me by an Irish Nationalist who is whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies. Then there was the postponement of the passing of the Home Rule Bill from week to week, until thousands of Irishmen were persuaded that a plot was on foot to use the war in order to kill Home Rule and to get Irish assistance in the war without, in the popular phrase, first "delivering the goods." Following this came the visit of Mr. Bonar Law to Belfast and his threat that when the Opposition returned to power they would treat the Home Rule Act as a worthless scrap of paper. Then came the War Office, out of which permission to form a special Irish Division had to be dragged inch by inch, and which, when a number of Irish ladies formed a committee to collect money in order to present the Irish Division with colors, refused to allow the presentation to take place. Add to this the speeches delivered by prominent Ulster Unionists on more than one occasion since the beginning of the war, calling upon Ulstermen to enlist on the ground that the Army is opposed to Home Rule and will take forcible measures to prevent its coming into

operation. Sir George Richardson, the General commanding the Ulster Volunteer Force, speaking towards the end of October at a meeting of Ulster Volunteers, said:—

If any man found himself wavering, let him try and recollect the events of March last and what the Army and Navy did for Ulster. They came to the help of Ulster in the day of trouble, and they would come again. It was now the volunteers' opportunity to show them their gratitude and support them to the last man.

Major Leader, again, commanding the 16th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, spoke at a recruiting meeting at Dromore on December 5th, at which, in the words of the Unionist *Northern Whig*, he reminded the audience of the "noble services rendered to Ulster at a critical period by certain distinguished soldiers of the British Army." Speeches like these, which deliberately spread the impression that the British Army is an anti-Home Rule organization, make superlatively good anti-recruiting literature. If what Sir George Richardson says about the Army is true, then not even the most wildly Imperialistic Nationalist in Mr. Redmond's following could conscientiously enter the ranks of such a body. It will be seen, then, that the anti-recruiting agencies in Ireland are not limited to the pro-Germans and those who are inaccurately labelled pro-Germans. One must add to these (1) the Government, (2) the Opposition, (3) the War Office, (4) Dublin Castle, (5) the Ulster Unionist leaders and their Press—everybody, indeed, except Mr. Redmond and Mr. William O'Brien, and their parties so recently at daggers drawn.

There you have the tragic-comic history of contemporary Ireland in a few sentences. It is of importance that it should be known, because, if it is not,

there is danger that bitterness may grow up both among Irishmen and against Ireland. I do not think that anyone knowing these facts and all their implications would willingly begin a new era of repression in Ireland at a time of transition which is at once so hopeful and so full of perils. Nor would they listen without protest to those who hint that Ireland ought to be robbed of Home Rule if Irishmen do not enlist in greater numbers. If it comes to a question of recruiting, the Unionist farmers and farm-laborers in Ulster are not enlisting much more than the Nationalist farmers and farm-laborers of the South and West. Further, the Nationalist workers of Belfast seem to be fighting for the Allies in as great proportion as the Unionist workers of Belfast. Even if you grant for the nonce the Ulster contention that Ireland must be deprived of Home Rule unless a sufficient number of Irishmen serve in the Army, it could be proved, I think, that on that very ground Irishmen had earned at least the Home Rule Act. There are, according to the Census, in Great Britain 5,800,000 men between the ages of 18 and 35, and in Ireland 700,000 men of the same age. Thus it will be seen that an army of 100,000 Irishmen is proportionately as great as an army of over 800,000 Englishmen; and Ireland has a good many more than 100,000 men fighting for the Allies—that is, a great many more men than Canada (which has immensely fuller powers of self-government) is sending. But the truth is, there is nothing to be gained by such comparisons, except partisan points. When, at the opening of the war, Mr. Redmond rose and, in the name of the great mass of Irishmen, wished success to the cause of the Allies, he did that cause a service which took away the breath of those people who believed that Ire-

land's love for liberty was merely selfish and was just a sort of meaningless hatred of England. That service alone was in its effect worth an army corps. Had Ireland been hostile

The English Review.

to the Allies in the present war, it is easy to see what use Germany could have made of that hostility in America and, indeed, throughout the neutral world.

Robert Lynd.

THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXX.

FINERY.

Whatever others may say, I honor Mackairn for writing that letter and making what amends he could. From what I saw of him I believe it to be a sincere letter, and I believe he had within him the qualities of genuineness and truth. The best part of his nature had never been altogether submerged, and it is probable that the shiftiness of eye which he had acquired had been only the outward sign of his own inward sense of degradation. I am inclined to think that he deserved pity more than fierce condemnation, for he had probably hated himself for his acts, and after he had met Mary life had only presented itself to him as a cup of bitterness. Love and beauty were no more for him, for the sinful past rose up sternly and put a barrier between, saying as always, the wages of sin is death.

But whatever may be said for him or against him, there can be no doubt of the blessing conferred by his letter.

It supplied absolute confirmation of the rightness of the act of handing over the proceeds of the Boulangos shares to Pomander. Mary did not show the letter to me at the time, but I was told of its contents so far as regards the shares, and it was a real satisfaction to every one to know that through whatever means the dead man's wish had been

achieved. His letter, too, was a joy to Mary. It took away the worst sting of his actions, and I am sure that the tribute—so deserved—which he paid to her, came like soothing balm to her wounded spirit, while the amends which he had striven to make were her assurance of his final sincerity.

She tried to steel herself no more over the grave of a criminal and a traitor, but wept at the tomb of the broken penitent who had gone down burdened with the sense of his own shame.

Mary did not come back to us in the room where we were waiting. Bessie went to look for her, but she only came back with tears in her eyes to whisper to her mother, who went out in turn. After that Foddes and I—not knowing at the time what the matter was—thought it best to go away.

I called at the hotel a day or two later to make enquiry. As it chanced, the whole of the family who were staying in the hotel were out doing some shopping. But by a coincidence I found Bessie at the hotel, for she had come from her aunt's house to meet the rest of the family. She was waiting for them, and was expecting their return every minute. So I waited too.

While I waited Bessie told me about Mackairn's letter, and generally what

it contained. She was so pleased about it. It meant so much to her sister, she said. Mary was such a sensitive high-spirited girl, and she had been so wounded by Mackairn's wrongdoing, but the greatest bitterness of all had arisen from his apparent deceitfulness. Now she believed again, and it meant the removing of a cloud from her life. At one time the cloud had threatened to destroy her, because she had brooded so much over things out in the loneliness of Canada. But now it would be different, and it was rare to think that Mary was going to be happy again. ("Rare" was the word she used. I like that word "rare.") She was such a tall, splendid, beautiful girl was Mary, so stately, and yet so real and true to anybody who knew her, so—so—&c., &c. Bessie seemed ready to talk on for hours about the fineness of Mary. In the end she added an item of truly feminine interest, which seemed to fill her with delight. She said she was sure there was a boy in Canada who was wanting Mary, and mother said he was quite a nice boy, but Mary would not look at him, but was holding back, all because she couldn't get over Mackairn. But now she would surely change.

I was, of course, very pleased to hear of that possible change, and I at the same time admired Bessie for the whole-hearted way in which she expressed herself about her sister. She clearly loved and admired her sister, without any reservation of any kind whatever.

I ventured to say how charming it was to find one sister so proud of another. But she brushed her own virtues aside. "Oh, everybody must love Mary," she said.

I stared at Bessie reflectively.

"I don't *love* Mary," I said quietly, with a certain intonation on the word "love."

Bessie had been looking at me, but she dropped her eyes when I said that. Her cheeks too, which had grown paler in London, displayed a vivid crimson, and she looked altogether somewhat disconcerted. She coughed slightly, and then suddenly burst upon another phase of her sisterly relations. "I'm the intermediate sister," she said, speaking quickly. "That's why we love one another. When I was young she used to help me, and so we became pals. And then, when Eva was young, I was the bigger sister, and I used to help her, and so we became pals. And in that way Mary loves me and I love Mary; and Eva loves me and I love Eva; Mary and Eva love one another, but not just so very, very."

"I understand," I said. "It is an instance of the influence of early training and environment."

Bessie assented demurely.

At that time Bessie was sitting on a sofa, while I was sitting on an uncomfortable square-backed chair. I felt very uncomfortable, and my long legs appeared to be in my own way. So I rose, and observing that the sofa seemed to be much more comfortable, sat down beside her. I may say that I sat beside her in a very correct way.

After I had sat down there was silence between us for some time. What I intended to do, or what I might have done, I really cannot say. But our silence was interrupted.

The door was suddenly flung open, and Mrs. Pomander entered. There was nothing unusual or startling about that. We were waiting for the family. But what made the thing surprising was the action of Mrs. Pomander. Her buxom self entered the room at what I might call "full steam ahead." But on seeing us she thought it necessary to halt and at the same time to issue signals to the rearguard of the

family to perform the same evolution. Apparently the signals came too late, or the rearguard, tempted by the natural curiosity of the average human when warned off, refused to obey orders. Whatever the reason, the family poured in. Thereupon Mrs. Pomander coughed apologetically and advanced at the head of the family.

By that time Bessie was standing up, with a face of crimson, while I was contemplating the necessity of rising. I was as cool as a cucumber, and I could see no reason whatever for Bessie's blushes. But all the family who had come in seemed to think something had been doing, for they all smiled in a knowing way.

Pomander himself was particularly jovial. Indeed, he was recovering the heartiness of the old days. He glanced slyly at Bessie, and said he hoped she had been entertaining Mr. Kerrendel in their absence.

Bessie was still all blushes, and said she wasn't sure. Mr. Kerrendel was such a very clever man—a sentiment which the whole family echoed. In fact, I really believe they all think I am clever.

After that they allowed me to remain for an entertainment of a kind to which I was little accustomed.

They had been doing shopping to repair the breaches in their wardrobes, which had been made by several years of life in Canada. Of course, Canada is a great country, and there are no doubt shops there where they might have gone, but I fancy the Canadian stores are not yet quite the equal of the London establishments. So they were laying in stock for the days to come, and they permitted me to see some of the articles which had been sent round from the shops.

Eva produced a hat of an extensive character which seemed to me, while very suitable to its owner from the

picturesque point of view, to be thoroughly ill-adapted for Canada, if Canada be indeed the hard-working land of which I have heard. The hat was nothing less than what the milliners call a "creation," and appeared to me to be only adapted for Mayfair.

Eva, I understood, was now going out to Canada with the family, and my philosophic sense compelled me to remark on the nature of the hat. Eva made no answer, but glanced at me curiously, and then simply giggled. Eva was the only member of the family who could giggle.

I must confess that the whole show completely nonplussed me from the Canadian standpoint. Apart from the hat, they did not allow me to inspect very closely a number of articles of a light, diaphanous nature. But Eva seemed to be in a mischievous mood, and, amid much laughter, she waved a few of them at me in the distance. Even that distant view, however, suggested that she was going to spend a few weeks in the Riviera rather than a few years in Canada.

Despite the frippery nature of the goods, the family seemed delighted.

But now that I think of it, the invasion of the family at that time was really an interruption. I had wanted to speak to Bessie seriously on certain matters. As the rest of the family were not to be very long in this country, I thought it right again to take up these matters with her at an early moment, and so I resumed on the afternoon of the same day at the point where I broke off.

We happened to be alone again for a short time, and we seemed to have nothing to say to each other.

I sat beside her on the self-same sofa.

I broke the silence.

"Bessie," I said.

She inclined her head slightly to indicate attention.

"I am supposed to be a philosopher." She nodded.

"But no man can love and be altogether philosophic. Love is a passion of the soul, but philosophy is a serenity of the mind."

She looked rather troubled, I thought. It occurred to me that perhaps I was going about the thing too learnedly. I changed my tactics.

"You were speaking about Mary this morning," I said, "and about her love and the boy in Canada, and all that. But what about your own love and the boy in England, and all that?"

She said nothing.

"He's getting an old boy perhaps," I said, "but he's still got a young heart." She seemed to be thinking. "There isn't any difficulty about money now," I added. "You're all clear and quite rich."

"And we owe it all to you," she said.

"No, Sturdy," I said.

She turned to me with a flash of her eyes. "Why will you always talk yourself and your goodness away?" she said quite indignantly.

I scarcely care to repeat the rest, but she says I must.

"Every one knows you're just the most splendid, noble, and unselfish gentleman that ever breathed."

I shook my head. But an idea occurred to me. "If that is what you think, you can marry me," I said.

She looked at me searchingly for quite a long time. Then she spoke slowly.

"You don't know how I've longed to marry you," she said, "for years . . . only I've been frightened. You're a great barrister and so clever and all. What can you see in a simple country girl like me?"

"Everything," I said.

She looked at me again, then took me at my word. She uttered a low

cry of joy, put her arms around my neck, and kissed me more often than I care to tell.

Yes, I am a philosopher, but I am justified notwithstanding, for even Plato made provisions for the kisses of beautiful maidens in certain circumstances.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE END.

I was surprised that Bessie agreed so readily to my last proposal. But I found out the explanation later, and it was like most of the things connected with her, a family explanation. Being in difficulty herself she had consulted her father about me, and he had given her the very sensible answer that if she loved me she'd better say "yes." It had perhaps been quite right that she should refuse me before, but I had had plenty of time to think, and if I asked again it would indeed be wrong to refuse.

So she had come to me, trembling and afraid because I was so great and clever, and she might not come up to my standard—she who in every quality of goodness was and is infinitely above me. But she had come; that was the great thing.

How Foddles induced Eva to come I do not know. Probably the explanation would be similar. Her father would have given her some common sense, and told her that Foddles was a very good name if there was a good man behind it. Besides, I have always doubted if Eva took Foddles' first proposal seriously, seeing that he made it the day after he first met her.

However that may be, he too was captured or he captured Eva, whichever way you like to put it. I fancy that explains the "Riviera" nature of some of the garments she had been purchasing. Foddles came in first at the second time of asking.

Among the congratulations which I received, none surprised me more than those of Jock Pomander, for he had the audacity to shake my hand amiably and say that he was glad to see that I had taken his advice. The cool assurance of that remark simply took my breath away, so that I had none left to tell him that it would have been more satisfactory to have couched his advice in somewhat milder language.

The days of our short engagement I need hardly say were happy, and then came the wedding-day, when Foddles and I marched together to the altar, and said "no" when we should have said "yes" and *vice versa*, but the parson overlooked our offences, probably because we looked much less miserable than bridegrooms generally do. I needn't describe the wedding, because everybody knows that a wedding is an affair of tears and laughter, pretty dresses, pretty girls, confetti and confusion.

It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Pomander, in a great silk dress, simply radiated maternal pride, while the old man moved about almost as if he were mystified. He seemed to be at the same time so happy and so sorry that he knew not what to do.

One other person there was at the wedding who appeared to be renewing his youth—William Sturdy. Before coming he had sent magnificent presents in a magnificent way. Not content with sending one present for each couple, he had sent four—one each for all who were being married. And when he came in person he was bursting with glee. He had his great joke at me. "Ha! ha!" he said, "I spotted ye from the beginning. I kent ye were the man for the lasses. I kent ye would marry Bessie. Ha! ha! You werena wanderin' about the country for naethin'."

I am not sure but that the wily old

boy had known my intentions better than I knew them myself.

And so mid all these things and many others, Foddles and I came to what they call in the old game "matrimony point."

But I think it essential to take the tale a step further.

Marriage is only the beginning of life. Soon after the marriages the rest of the Pomanders returned to Canada. There seemed no way of avoiding that. The great dominion had taken its toll, and there could be no drawing back. But if they had gone in person they left behind them the sweet memory of their presence, the recollection of their simple ways and simple hearts, and the feeling in my heart at least that it had been good to have met them.

With these recollections fresh within me I decided to conjoin with any other work I might do, the work of the simple life. I reverted and became a tiller of the soil.

I have chosen the farm among the open fields of Surrey. Bessie has planted the roses. The white doves have come back to their mistress. And together we have founded the new Pomanders. Above the doorway I have had engraved the words "The Pomanders."

Years have passed since then. I am growing old, though I am not very old yet. Still I have several years of experience behind me, and as I stand looking backward and forward I take stock of the years.

I think myself a philosopher still in a mild way, and I ask myself—what of the years?

What did it mean—the change to matrimony, and back to earth?

In the beginning I think it meant a little miracle. She brought roses to the garden, and I brought roses to the cheeks that had been pale. Nature

and I together worked the wonder.
And the roses are blooming still.

But while the roses on her cheeks
have bloomed, there has been more
than that. She has brought me gifts.

I am seated at the fireside now.
She has been playing on the carpet
with two youngsters—Charles Pomander
Kerrendel and Elizabeth Pomander
Kerrendel. They have grown
tired for a few minutes, and they have
laid their little heads one on each side
of her upon her breast. Her arms are
about them, and they are sitting quiet,
but she in the centre smiles to me. I
think she is utterly happy.

It brings to my mind what her own
youth must have been. Her mother
must have played with her in that
way too.

As I gaze on the scene it comes to
my mind that philosophy has never
said much to me about some kinds of
things.

I have studied much. I have lis-
tened to an immense number of
speeches on all sorts of creeds, by all
sorts of people, but I never seem to
have heard exactly the thing required
in the national interest as I now un-
derstand things.

Bessie apparently sees something in
my mind. "What is it, dear?" she asks.

"I have an idea," I say. "I think
I shall go forth and preach. Every
lunatic in the country is preaching
some absurd nostrum. Talking is the
national disease. But I shall go out
and preach common-sense."

She smiles. But Charles Pomander
Kerrendel is much more enthusiastic.
"Pweach now, daddy, pweach now!"
he shouts gleefully.

He hauls me from my chair, and I
strike an attitude.

"This is what I shall say," I re-
mark. "Ladies and Gentlemen."

Loud cheers from Charles.

"Innumerable people are moving up
and down the country preaching in-

numerable policies making for the im-
provement of life. Most of these poli-
cies are unintelligible to the public,
and it is doubtful if many are even
intelligible to their authors. In that
state of matters I am here to-night to
preach a new policy which shall be
universally intelligible, and which
shall produce health and happiness
and contentment for all. Ladies and
Gentlemen, this policy is 'Poma-
nderism.'

The whole family cheer. I grasp
the lapel of my coat and proceed.

"It is a policy, sir, which is not con-
cerned with the petty things of life,
but has its beginnings deep in the in-
eradicable yearnings of the human
heart, and has further the sanction
and confirmation of the experience of
countless ages."

Charles and Miss Elizabeth have a
high appreciation for large words, and
chorus lustily. When playing this
game I always have a most apprecia-
tive audience. I grasp both lapels of
my coat and continue.

"It is a policy which must be carried
out by every one individually in their
own actions, in their own houses, in
their own families, in their own dis-
tricts, in their own neighborhoods, in
their own parishes, in their own
counties, in their own nation, and in
short, throughout the whole earth,
without distinction of person, or rank,
or age, or creed. This vast, far-
reaching, and all-comprehensive scheme
I have already called Pomanderism,
and you will at once understand the
meaning of the policy when I say that
it is founded upon the utilization of
the simplest elements in human na-
ture, the conscious or unconscious cul-
tivation of those elements as an end
in itself, and the application of those
elements, so cultivated, to the prob-
lems which we find around us.

"The peculiar result of this policy
is that persons once subject to its

sway acquire a certain attractive quality which renders them beloved of all who meet them."

At this point Charles cheers lustily and then runs away to play with his sister. As my audience has thus departed, under the impression that the speech is over, I am left stranded.

Bessie rises and smiles.

"I have made my policy just as intelligible as that of any of the other new-age men," I say.

"Oh, quite, dear," she replies. "Much more so. But you said you were to be universally intelligible."

"Ahem!"

Bessie laughs. And then the youngsters start one of their favorite games. It consists of repeating a certain rhyme which has got hold of me like a pantomime air.

In order that every one may get the benefit, I may say that the first two words are said slowly and evenly, the next three quickly and evenly, the second line quickly, and the third line quickly. This is the ridiculous rhyme—

"Do, do,—do, do, do,
Get along and get about,
And do, do, do."

Bessie laughed when the children started the rhyme. I fancy she thought it conveyed some reflection on my observations. Charles hasn't the words of the rhyme quite accurately, and says—

"Gellalong and gellabout."

When they drag me into their merry-go-round I see that my chance of expounding the real essence of Pomanderism is gone. I am no more a philosopher. I am a dancing Dervish, an ecstatic marabout, whirling round the room with infinite stamping of feet and hilarious laughter, shouting weird words and strange incantations—the song of gellabout."

I am doubtful if I shall ever grasp the essence of Pomanderism. I will

just have to accept my family gifts with thankfulness.

"I am afraid I shall never be understood," I say.

"Oh, I understand you perfectly," says Bessie. "You are a philosophic idealist."

I stare at her. After the pretended simplicity of years, this is positively uncanny.

I am determined to find what else she knows. "And what are my ideals?" I ask.

"You have many ideals just the same as mine," she says.

"Probably I learnt from you," I interject.

She continues unheeding. "One of the chief of your ideals is home. To you home is everything lovely. Only you talk about the 'enduring glory of maternal solicitude,' while I say 'Home, sweet home!'"

Is this my simple Bessie? She positively staggers me with her insight; yet, on reflection, I am inclined to think she is right.

But there, I am at the end. I have unrolled all of Arcadie that I have known. My only regret is that the family had to be separated. They will not be separated in another world, and there should be only one memorial left upon earth to the whole family.

I should write upon it this:—

"In memory of the Pomanders, a family distinguished for innumerable graces and by universal kindness of heart. When they were sorry, they were sorry; when they were angry, they were very angry; when they were happy, they were truly happy; and in all things they were human, and because they were human, lovable."

Perhaps I might add a special note for Bessie.

"She was always loving, lovable, and lovely."

(THE END.)

MODERN BATTLE CRAFT.

It might prove wise if the United States Naval Department stayed their hand before launching out thirty million dollars for the construction of the two 32,000 ton leviathan turbine battleships now on order. I believe that there is a far more invulnerable battleship, and, because of its invulnerability, a far more destructive engine of war than the two mammoth super-Dreadnoughts referred to. This craft is of an entirely new and unique design. Eight of these ships, each carrying one-half the guns mounted on the above proposed warships, and with an increased speed of at least five knots—a point that the United States Navy should do well not to relegate to the background—could be constructed at the same price as one of the larger ships.

The proposed mammoth battleships are to have an above-water-line armor of 16 inches. Everyone that knows anything in reference to naval construction knows that this detail is the most expensive item of all. Hitherto the thickest Bessemer steel plate has never been over 12 inches in thickness; this was calculated by experts to shield the ships at a minimum range of two miles from a projectile weighing 1,400 pounds fired by the largest naval guns yet constructed. These guns are the 14-inch; the proposed ships are to be fitted with a complement of no less than twelve of these powerful cannon. The entire twelve are so positioned on revolving turrets that they can bring their combined fire on either broadside. Even the English super-Dreadnoughts now in being or undergoing construction are not armed with more than eight to ten 14-inch guns. But they have this advantage, which is a considerable one, in that their *maximum* speed

will be twenty-six knots, whereas the Americans cannot exceed twenty-two knots per hour. As submarine, torpedo, and air-craft construction becomes more perfect the value of speed will become enhanced.

I will now indicate roughly the general scheme of design for a class of battleship or armored cruiser and destroyer which, if war continues, is from the nature of things bound to supersede battle craft of the present design. The ships in question will have an armored deck rising from not over 2 to 3 feet from the water-line, on an angle of between 15 and 25 degrees, to a line drawn through the centre of the ship from bow to stern. At 20 degrees the apex of this line, which in form will resemble an obtuse and inverted V, will rise from the level of the water-line to somewhere in the neighborhood of 10 to 15 feet—of course, this will depend on the beam, or width, of the vessel in question. I consider the beam should be as narrow as practical for an even gun platform; for it is speed that will be found to be one of the first essentials in this new class of ship. Roughly, the exterior aspect of the ship will be that of a flattened-out roof of a Noah's Ark—if indeed such a craft ever floated upon the waters—pointed at both ends, and perched about 2 feet above the water-line. The only projections from this roof, beside armored and temporary air ventilators, will be two slender high fore and aft telescopic conning-towers. Even the tops of these will be so constructed as to rise or lower from 20 to 40 feet. They will, of course, be fitted with wireless. It is hardly necessary to say that as the ship is without funnels the propulsion and auxiliary engines will be fed by liquid fuel.

The one disadvantage of this craft is that, as far as I can see, it will not easily be practical to utilize the guns placed amidship for fire on either broadside; this means that the bow and stern guns should have a duplex or twin-mounting, and that it is hardly advisable to have more than three guns each on starboard and port. But if it is thought desirable to utilize the gunfire of both sides in one broadside, this could be done by lowering the camber of deck-angle to between 8 and 12 degrees, and placing the broadside guns, not abreast, but the one side between the interstices of the other. The guns could then have the ordinary pivot mounting. But in the nature of things I do not believe that naval constructors will find it advisable to utilize the fire of more guns than are actually on one broadside, assisted, of course, by the fore and aft guns mounted in duplex. To maintain an even gun platform it would appear advisable to provide these craft, both halfway fore and aft, with a form of the Louis Brennen gyroscopic mechanism. The added weight of this will act favorably as ballast in drawing the deck lower to the water-line. But this is a technical innovation that I have been unable, as yet, to experiment upon.

I will now come to the most radical and important alteration in ships' design. All guns of the first and second battery will be mounted on disappearing carriages, with hydraulic recoil. They will be sighted from armored pits from beneath the deck by a form of periscope with the Captain Corrodi panorama battle sight adjustment. The gun will be raised from a state of rest to its firing position by an exceedingly speedy action and within a fraction of a second. Once locked in the position of firing it will automatically hurl its projectile and instantly, through recoil, sink

into its hidden and protected bed. The opening of this gun-pit will be closed by two horizontal sliding doors. These, like the doors of some patent lifts, will automatically open so as to allow the guns to fire, and will close in the same manner as the piece of ordnance disappears. For the fraction of a second that the gun is exposed these doors, sliding on either side of the armored deck, can be so protected that it will be impossible for their mechanism to be disarranged by hostile fire. At a minimum distance of two miles it will take the 14-inch gun-shell not less than four seconds to get home. That is to say, that the gun can appear, fire itself, and disappear, long before a hostile shot, fired at the same moment as the pit gates open, can make its hit. Everyone can see, therefore, that the hostile shot will have no target except on an angular roof from which the projectile will ricochet off. As all hits will be made on a slanting surface, the deck armor-plating need not be over 6 inches in depth—perhaps the gun-pit doors might take an 8-inch plate.

There remains now the question of how to keep the sea out of these gun-displacements during firing in dirty weather—for it is fairly obvious that the deck being only 2 to 4 feet above the water-line will, at such times, get a good bit of wash. But this is a problem already solved. Each gun-pit will be served with four 4-inch pipes attached to strong pumps working amidships. These will be quite sufficient to keep the water-level down to a foot or so during the fraction of time the gates are open and the gun exposed. In addition, it will be possible for the gun itself to be provided with an armored shield, not only as a protection to its crew from hostile shells, but as a protection against the sea-water finding its way in; this will cover the mouth of the gun-pit when

the gun is in the act of firing: it must *always* be remembered that the piece, once locked in position, fires itself automatically and will not require further time for laying. It then recoils back into a recumbent position in rest. All these three actions are automatic, and take place before the ship can roll.

So much for the offensive; now for the defensive. These craft will be provided with strong steel interlaced netting, roofing over the deck at a height of 8 to 10 feet, or a few feet above the ordnance when in position. As this netting is parallel with the slope of the deck it will be on a considerable tangent from the horizontal. The object of this is to protect the ship against aircraft bombs. It will undoubtedly be found that many of the heavy aerial bombs will explode on contact with the steel wire; others, the war nose not coming into contact with a resisting surface, will not explode at all—they will bound off the protecting roof into the sea. But suppose the war nose does hit the steel strands, what happens then? The network is so strongly constructed and so resilient by the method of its being supported that the bomb will not pierce it, until it explodes. Well, and what damage then? Very little, for of whatever explosive the grenade is made, it can do very little damage to 6-inch armor-plate 8 to 10 feet from the point of explosion. It is true the network will be torn. But during an engagement it is quite impossible that a second bomb can be dropped in the exact hole or tear made by a bomb that has happened to explode. I have already discussed its defence in speed and by automatic under-water nets as against torpedo attack. It has still another great defence—that of invisibility. It will be painted a gray color in order to conform with the tint of the sky-line. The armored marquee

will itself make it very slightly more conspicuous, as only a thin edge will even at any time be exposed to view from the level of another ship. This invisibility, with great speed, is not only protection against attack, but is also of extreme value in surprise and in attack.

When such new suggestions are placed before the public they meet either with over-enthusiastic support or over-bitter condemnation. Both are bad. Such radical changes must be quietly and thoroughly tested during construction—and, most of all, on completion. But I believe that the theory is sound. I have tested the sea-worthy efficiency of such craft with miniature models on my lake at Ewell Castle in Surrey.

Battle craft such as I have been roughly attempting to outline would be only two-thirds the length of the super-Dreadnoughts; it would be far less in beam, and could be made to travel at a maximum rate of 30 knots per hour or more. Even those first constructed could do this, for the construction is such as to lend itself to speed. Also the weight of armor-plate would be less than one-twentieth of the present battleship. Not only because of the amount of armor-plate, but on account of the camber of the deck itself, it need be less than one-third in thickness to that necessary to meet direct fire. Also this is true because there would be no high walls, turrets, etc., that would need protection.

Finally, it is hardly necessary to point out how invulnerable such a designed craft would be not only as destroyers, cruisers, and battleships, owing to lack of actual target, but to all classes of hostile ships. These are the two other strong points in its favor—speed and practical invulnerability of not only the ship as such, but its complement of guns. And I have little doubt that once such craft

are in being they will soon be given the necessary means completely to submerge themselves. It goes without saying that craft of this sort should be armed with at least four to eight torpedo tubes and with automatically adjustable torpedo nets.

If there is one thing to object to it will be in the circumscribed quarters given to sailors and their officers. But we see how the flower of the navy in all countries takes to submarines, despite their even more limited and stuffy quarters. As long as men know they are aboard an efficient craft there will never be any objection on that score. As aircraft, particularly "avions"—I have never placed much confidence in gas-bags either over land or sea—become more efficient, ship

The Fortnightly Review.

speed will be a most important asset in rendering their attack nugatory.

In the seven naval combats that have already taken place in the present world-wide conflict it must be noted that ship speed in five cases had quite as much to do with obtaining of victory and safety as had weight of gun metal. As an illustration, look how the S.S. *Carmania*—the first turbine built by the Cunard Co.—walked round the *Cap Trafalgar*. And how the commerce-destroying cruiser *Emden* so long managed to evade pursuers. Also the loss of the two warships off Chili, on account of lack of rapidity in movement. Handiness in a ship is—and should be—a synonym with speed. Such points certainly ought not to be lost sight of.

C. Wiener.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

Thackeray was pre-eminently a Londoner. Indeed, it might be confidently argued that he was more a Londoner than Dickens; for his whole life was practically passed in "the Wen," as Cobbett termed it; and, unlike his great contemporary, he was never drawn away from its attractions by the charm of a country existence. Most of our great novelists have, of course, dealt with the city in their works, more or less fully—from Fielding and Richardson, Fanny Burney and Jane Austen, down to Meredith, who has left us an unforgettable picture of London Bridge and a vivid description of a London "particular," and Gissing and Mr. Morrison and Mr. Whiteing, who have reproduced the very atmosphere of those mean streets which reveal in themselves so much of London's complex life. But in this particular phase of what, for want of a better name, may be called "romantic topography" Dickens stands easily

first. For just as he re-created Christmas, so he may be said to have rediscovered London; and the London he found—the London, that is, of the first half of the nineteenth century—is exactly the London in which his great contemporary was discovering homes for his characters.

The aims of the two writers may, to some extent, I think, be judged from the *milieus* they selected for the men and women of their inimitable fancy. Dickens seldom comes west of Temple Bar; Thackeray not often goes east of it. They meet on the mutual ground of the Temple, and occasionally make incursions into each other's territory—as when we find Mr. Merdle in Harley Street and "Cousin" Feenix in Brook Street, or Mr. Bungay in Pater-noster Row and Pen and Clive in the Charterhouse. But, to lay down a rule which has its frequent exceptions, it is the West End that Thackeray affects; it is the mysterious East which

Dickens has made an almost open book to the dwellers in the realms of fashion.

Somehow or other, however, Thackeray has never quite been regarded as an exponent of London in the same way as has Dickens. A whole library attests the interest which Boz has awakened in the subject; but only once, so far as I know, has any one compiled a book on the London of Thackeray's novels, and this was, characteristically, produced by an American nearly a quarter of a century ago. And yet what a field is here for exploration; how much information about the London of the early nineteenth century is forthcoming from a study of the great novels and the shorter stories and sketches! Here I can but adumbrate the subject—merely name (so to speak) the chief peaks in its mountainous ranges.

Let us take *Vanity Fair* first. It is the London of the Regency that is presented to us; before Regent Street had come into existence; while yet Waterloo Bridge was in the making; before the old Houses of Parliament had given place to Barry's great mediæval pile; when the Turnpike yet existed at Hyde Park Corner, and the Lock Hospital still stood in Grosvenor place. Buckingham Palace was yet the red-brick picturesque structure which George the Third had bought for Queen Charlotte, and the Ranger's Lodge (the stags from whose entrance now adorn Albert Gate) stood in the Green Park opposite Down Street. Russell Square had not long been formed, so that the Sedleys and Osbornes, who lived there, must have been some of its earliest inhabitants. The Square was much frequented by the legal profession, and Amelia may have known Sir Samuel Romilly, and perhaps Lord Denman (both residents), by sight, and no doubt wondered at the crowds of fashionable

people who drove up to No. 65, where Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged in perpetuating the lineaments of his generation. Russell Square bulks largely in the first part of *Vanity Fair*; it is the arena wherein the *dramatis personæ* chiefly disport themselves. But we can go elsewhere in their goodly company—to Vauxhall, for instance, when Jos, under the influence of the rack-punch, made such an exhibition of himself, and when "the hundred thousand *extra* lamps" lighted up the gentle countenance of Amelia and the green eyes of Becky, the complacent features of George, and the homely "phiz" of Dobbin.

The Great Gaunt Street where Sir Pitt Crawley's family mansion was situated was, I surmise, either Harley Street or Wigmore Street, and I have no doubt whatever that Lord Steyne's palace, Gaunt House, was the Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, demolished some years ago in favor of a vast block of flats. It has been stated that both Lansdowne House and Manchester House were the prototypes of the mansion where Becky distinguished herself on a memorable occasion; but any one who reads carefully Thackeray's description will not, I think, be likely to concur in this view.

One cannot always be sure of identifying Thackeray's houses, however; otherwise one would be able to say which was Miss Crawley's residence in Park Lane, or walk unerringly to the miserable Raggles's snug little house in Curzon Street, where the Rawdon Crawleys lived on nothing a year. Where, one would like to know, was the "wonderful small cottage," in a street leading from the Fulham Road, to which the ruined Sedleys retired; and where the chapel, down Brompton way, in which George and Amelia were made one? By the bye, Thackeray is careful to tell us that

when George drove to that rendezvous from the old Hummums in Covent Garden, the carriage passed Apsley House and St. George's Hospital, "which still wore red jackets"—the original red brick not yet having been encased.

Bay's Club—no doubt standing for White's—links us on to *Pendennis*; for out of the famous bay-window of that place where Wenham interviewed Rawdon Crawley after the duel with Lord Steyne, the redoubtable Major was accustomed to gaze in company with his cronies. The Major's lodgings were conveniently near, in Bury Street, where, at that period, he must have had Tom Moore as a neighbor. His nephew, the hero of the story, had been educated at the Gray Friars (Thackeray's name for his own old school, the Charterhouse), and the descriptions of that seminary here and in *The Newcomes*, and elsewhere, are unusually elaborate and *documentés*. Foker, it will be remembered, was also educated here—Foker, the rich and worldly, whose parents lived in Grosvenor Square, and drew their wealth from the family brewery.

But it is the Temple in which most of the action of *Pendennis* takes place, where we find Pen, under the *egis* of Warrington, working hard at journalism, and frequenting those haunts on which his fashionable friends rallied him, but which gave him the materials for his first literary success. During this period of his career Pen was holding out one hand to the West End (his uncle saw to that), and was stretching forth the other to the coal-heaving company at the "Fox under the Hill" and the denizens of the "Back Kitchen." Like Warrington, however, he undoubtedly preferred, at this time, "a sanded floor in Carnaby Market to a chalked one in Mayfair." The Embankment chased the "Fox under the Hill," familiar to

readers of *David Copperfield*, out of its existence near the Adelphi Terrace. The "Back Kitchen" was Thackeray's name for the "Cider Cellars" in Maiden Lane, which stood next door to the Adelphi Theatre, and was once the haunt of the classic but bibulous Porson. It was hither that Colonel Newcome brought Clive on a momentous occasion.

In those days the Fleet Prison was in existence, and we visit it with Pen and Warrington to see Captain Shandon, a prisoner for debt in that degrading abode, who was producing for Bungay the prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette* amid his grimy and squalid surroundings. The spirited proprietor of that journal, Finucane, occupied chambers in the Temple, it will be remembered, and frequented Dick's Coffee-House, formerly known as "Richard's," which occupied the site of 8 Fleet Street till its demolition in 1899. The offices of the *Pall Mall* were in Catherine Street hard by. Closer still to the Temple was that Shepherd's Inn, near Holywell Street and Wych Street (where are they now?), where Altamont and the Chevalier Strong lodged, and Costigan, and whither Pen was drawn by the charms of Fanny Bolton. Shepherd's Inn was but another name for Lyons Inn, where Mr. Thurtell—whom Weare murdered—had rooms.

As in *Pendennis*, so in *The Newcomes* do the Charterhouse and the Temple bulk largely. We begin the book with the famous school, and end with it—in a passage notable among the great word-pictures of literature. But we are carried about London in all directions outside these academic centres. Bloomsbury Square is the headquarters of one branch of the Newcome family; Hobson Newcome lives in Bryanstone Square, and John Giles, his brother-in-law, in Bernard Street. Russell Square: Sir Brian con-

ducts his stately affairs in Park Lane. A subsidiary character, Lady Budge, dispensed "the most elegant hospitality," according to Charles Honeyman, at her mansion in Connaught Terrace. Where the Reverend Charles himself lived is not so clear. Thackeray says he had rooms in Walpole Street, in the Mayfair district. This may stand for Market Street at the back of Curzon Street, where Lady Whittlesea's chapel, otherwise Curzon Chapel, notorious for the doings of the Rev. Alexander Keith, was situated.

The hotel patronized by Colonel Newcome—Nerot's—was in Clifford Street, and was probably identical with the Clifford Street Coffee-House once standing at the corner of Bond Street, and notable for its Debating Club, where the budding eloquence of Mackintosh and Canning was first heard. The Colonel's later and more permanent residence was a large, rather gloomy house in Fitzroy Square, which he took in conjunction with his friend Binnie, and where the latter's sister came to keep house and rule with a rod of iron. This quarter was then, and for years after, an artistic centre—Eastlake and Ross and David Roberts all lived at one time in Fitzroy Square, and this no doubt influenced the Colonel in his choice of a residence; for his son, as we all know, was destined to be a great painter. After his father's return to India, Clive took lodgings in Charlotte Street hard by, where Richard Wilson and Constable, Farington and Westall, had all lived. Indeed, Constable must have been there at this very time, for he occupied Farington's old house, No. 35, from 1822 till his death in 1837.

Other localities in *The Newcomes* which we can identify are Jermyn Street, where Florac lodged and Pendennis lived; Belgrave Square, whither

Barnes Newcome went after his accession to the baronetcy; Queen Square, Westminster, now Queen Anne's Gate, where Pendennis abode later, and also where he was domiciled when we meet him in *Philip*.

In this book we are in many of the same quarters as we were in its predecessors—the Grayfriars and the Temple, Mayfair, Bloomsbury, &c. But where was Ringwood House? (There is a Ringwood House at Walthamstow.) Thornaugh Street, where the "Little Sister" lived, must have been near Fitzroy Square. But can it be traced? You may pore over a map of that mighty organism which we call London, and despair will catch hold of you when you attempt to unravel from its complicated web some skein which shall lead you to a solution. The Twisdens, we know, lived in Beaunash Street; and from what we learn of that family, we feel certain that their abode was in a fashionable quarter, but I defy any one to put his finger on the thoroughfare. Who, too, will identify the clubs mentioned in the *Book of Snobs*? We can put names to the Martium and the Viatorium, the Reformatory and the Ultratorium, which greet us in the *Roundabout Papers*; but which was, or is, the Megatherium; which the Palladium?

The Berkeley Square of *The Fatal Boots* is not clearer to us than the Buckley Square of *Jeames's Diary*: the Scariot Street of *Cox's Diary* is as plain as the Charlotte Street where Pendennis lodged. But Thackeray, like Dickens, used to the full the novelist's privilege of mixing up his localities—of, here, giving them their correct names: there, hiding their identities under more or less thin disguises. When he was purely historical, as in *Esmond* and *The Virginians*, there was no need for fictitious appellations, and Lady

Castlewood can live in Kensington Square and Bolingbroke in Golden Square; duels can be fought (as they were fought) in Leicester Fields, and Mohun and Hamilton can go to their last fatal meeting in Hyde Park. But there were sometimes reasons, no doubt, when a more contemporaneous narrative was in hand, for using just sufficient mystification to obviate the chance of wounding the susceptibilities of the denizens of a particular street. Even were this the reason for some of Thackeray's careful covering up of topographical traces, the fact still remains that the memory of the

Chambers's Journal.

Rawdon Crawleys will remain as long as Curzon Street exists, and Baker Street will hardly outlive the dreary character which the novelist has bestowed on it.

Those who know their Thackeray will perceive how slightly I have been able to touch on this fascinating subject. Nothing short of a book can do justice to it; and when I have completed the volume in which I want to deal with the London topography of Thackeray's novels, I hope I may be able to make clear some of the mysterious identities which have puzzled me and, perhaps, others.

E. Beresford Chancellor.

OLD PIPRIAC.

I have a standing invitation, the reward of certain inexpert services rendered in the harvest fields, to lunch at the Abbey Farm, and I frequently avail myself of it. The only condition is that I arrive with my head full of war telegrams and my pockets stuffed with newspapers. It is a condition I lay upon myself, and, for the repose of my conscience, am bound to observe faithfully.

There is no sweeter corner in North Burgundy than this high grassy plateau, enringed by steep timbered cliffs with their great scars of verdureless shale. The air is keen and vigorous. Through meadows dotted shiftingly by the duns and the blacks of pasturing kine, a fair stream winds in bold azure curves past russet sedges; and so sweet and pure are its waters that I fancy it must be some tributary of a river of Eden, cut off by an upheaval of ocean from its ancient outflow. The legend is that on the vigil of the "Jour des Morts," the dead, rising from their sleep, come hither to wash their shrouds, and that, so cleansed, those tomb-cloths

serve them as their robes of Paradise.

The old Abbey bounds the plateau to the south with its high gray walls and turrets and its steep-pitched roofs of warm brown. Time, the great destructive architect, has broken its lines, rounded its angles, mellowed its tones, and given it the beauty that he gives to the acquescent age of noble masonry. If he deals less kindly with men, it is when they check his hand by their unskilful dabblings.

You would not, to judge by his outer man, suspect the Master of poetical leanings. He is small, meagre, insignificantly featured; his mouth tight-set and grim. But it softens to the semblance of a smile, caught up by his tired gray eyes, as he looks round on the domain he farms for Monseigneur.

"One is tranquil here," he says.
"Or——"

No, he cannot forget his three boys under fire, his invalid wife stricken down by the harsh blow of the mobilization, his three best horses taken by the Commissariat, Jean's prize Normandy colt — apple of the young

fellow's eye—put prematurely to the plough, the difficulties of this seed-time, the hard days that presage still harder.

"—or was," he sighs, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

But we are a cheerful company this morning, for military post-cards, gaily decorated with the flags of the Five Nations, have come in from the front announcing that our three soldiers are in the best of form and spirits. The Mistress smiles less wanly from her pillows and has even a touch of pink on the ivory of her sunken cheeks. The Master, to the surprise of his grim mouth, cracks half a dozen jokes that have a strong flavor of some perennial "Jester's Companion," and are highly appreciated by two urchins who, straying here in the character of gentlemen of leisure, have ended more importantly as small blue-aproned farm-hands. Giselle, the able daughter of the house, and Paul, its Benjamin, dispense a vigorous, almost merciless hospitality. Mars is represented by the miller's son, a fine tall youth, stalwart and bronzed. He is on convalescent leave with a Prussian bullet lodged still in his shoulder, and once a minute brings his arms up tentatively into the "Present!" position and with imaginary rifle lays low an imaginary "Boche." He passes you the salt with the same kind of action. I fancy he has hit a more amiable target than a Prussian heart, for, under pretence of much serving, pretty Giselle persistently evades his eyes that persistently seek hers. The only disconsolate figure at the board, picturesque foil to our cheerfulness, is the temporary help, a young Swiss giant in a white jersey with a huge sunflower embroidered on it.

"Max has eaten something," observes the Master, "or he wöüld go and jodel to us. He's better than a gramophone, quel!"

I am selfishly glad that Max has eaten something and is suffering for it under the monstrous sunflower. What has jodelling to do with this charming old sacristy that sanctifies our bread, its narrow lights, its age-grimmed vaulting? I would not have the great tranquillity disturbed, in which the ear of the dreamer seems to catch up with the soft fall of a sandalled foot and the far echo of a muttered Ave. The cooing of the ring-doves in their osier cage, the subdued murmur of the farmyard, the light rustle of the wind in the secular walnut,—these are the only sounds that should come in by the wide-open door, over which, in crumbling stone, Monseigneur of blessed memory, the Abbey's first benefactor, face to face with his lady, kneels out the centuries.

Here of all places in the world, with devout and seigneurial shades around me, I will not play honored guest. So I eat my dessert, like the others, on the reverse of my dinner plate: like them, I stir my coffee with the butt-end of my metal fork. Polite conventions are but polite prejudices.

"Bonjour, m'sieurs et m'dames."

The doorway frames with generous margin a small and sturdy man in neat brown jacket and neat blue jean trousers. He has his cloth cap in his hand. Over his shoulder, at the end of a rough stick, he carries two substantial bundles, a black and a white, and suspended from them a pair of great sabots. He has a pleasant, honest face and large dark eyes.

"Bonjour, m'sieurs et m'dames."

"Why, old Pipriac!" cries Paul.

"Monsieur de Pipriac," corrects the Master. "A count, a genuine nobleman," he explains to me, "and mighty hard of hearing. Show Monsieur your papers, old Pipriac," he yells to the genuine nobleman.

Old Pipriac — the perpetual epithet

is endearing rather than statistical, for I should put his age at not more than thirty—old Pipriac swings his bundles to the ground and produces a bulging pocket-book. All manner of documents flutter out in a dingy snow: passes, testimonials, letters, newspaper cuttings, reduced by long folding to loosely connected fragments. From these he selects the most dilapidated and hands it to me. It is addressed to Monsieur le Comte Auguste-Marie de Pipriac, and most respectfully gives him by these presents to understand that his patent of nobility dates from 1441, and that he has the right to such and such armorial bearings on this or that field.

"And there's his crown!" remarks Paul, looking over my shoulder.

I will not undeceive him. It is not Monsieur de Pipriac's coronet at all, but the fancy crest of the private heraldic agency which has supplied him with the above information for ten francs fifty centimes. That is a really give-away figure, especially when you consider the difficulty of investigation involved by the fact that the seigneurial stock disappeared from their native Brittany more than a hundred years ago, as is stated in an incautious footnote.

The metaphorical bark on which the nomad fortunes of the family were ventured should have touched in its *Odyssey* at the isle of Circe, and she have conjured the dispossessed seigneurs into the semblance of farm laborers.

"Father and son, they have all been cowherds," says the Master. "And old Pipriac is the best in the country. My cowhouse in his day was as clean as—*quo!*—as this room. Without exaggeration."

Mademoiselle Giselle, who is responsible for the domestic arrangements of the old Abbey, appears to have other views than the Mas-

ter on the subject of exaggeration, and she rather shortly inquires of old Pipriac what he may happen to want.

"A job with the cows, M'amzelle," murmurs the little man, his large dark eyes filling.

Curious, those eyes of his! They have generally something of a bovine softness in them—he has had so long to do with kine—and readily go humid. But there are thoughts in his head that turn them proud and hard at times.

"A job with the cows. Let me look after them for a month—only for a week, if you will. Just to get a bit of a rest. I've been days on the tramp."

"Why now," says the Master, "I almost think I might—"

"No more hands about the place!" cries the Mistress from her pillows. "You've got Giselle, who's worth a man. Paul saves you two, boy though he is. And there's Max—and—"

"—might give you a word for my cousin," continues the Master, a master of craft on his occasion, a right son of Burgundy. "He's getting up his beet, and he'd be glad of help. What do you say, old Pipriac?"

The genuine nobleman shakes a dignified head.

"Non, merci, Patron."

Which is to be interpreted, "Beet, just Heavens! and I the best cowherd in the country!"

When the others have gone out to the fields, old Pipriac, who is in no burning hurry, takes a stroll round the farm with me. As we go, I learn something of his story.

His deafness is the result of a fall. On account of his infirmity he is exempt from service, provisionally that is, for the State may yet have need of him. That is why his pocket-book is bursting with safe-conducts, all in order and multitudinously viséed. The

Patrie must know where to find her sons at a critical moment. In his case, old Pipriac assures me, the Patrie will have no difficulty. Deaf he may be, but not to the supreme call. He holds indeed the Revisionary Council to be—as you might say—a Revisionary Ass, that should have strained a point and passed him.

“A plague of the surgeon-major!” he cries. “It’s no time to be so mighty particular.”

Old Pipriac comes from a ravaged district, where he was in the employment of a large farmer. The marauding Prussians took all they could drive or carry, and then set fire to the commune.

“Horses, sheep, cows—everything!” groans the little man. “Twenty cows, Monsieur! Beauties—my beauties! I think the poor Patron was out of his wits. You see, we were all standing on the hill, looking down on that infernal blaze. Why burn us out, *cochons de cochons?* Saving your respect, Monsieur. What had we done to you, ye brigands of hell? No excuse of being fired on; there wasn’t a firearm in the place: you had seen to that, cursed cowards! The Patron rocked on his feet—so—and smiled foolishly. “Are the cows all in, old Pipriac?” says he—with that smile. *Dieu! Dieu!* His folk got him away, and I started. North. With a job here and a job there, I’ve come along all right so far. And I shall work out my great plan. For I may tell you, Monsieur, that I’m an extraordinarily lucky fellow.”

And under the pretence of blowing his nose, he mops his eyes—the lucky fellow.

I should like to ask this favorite of fortune about his great plan, but he is momentarily swept away by a flood of souvenirs.

“You see that loft window?” he says. “That’s where I got my deaf-

ness. I fell from it on my head. My luck again: another man would have broken his neck. Happy days those! And here is the cowhouse. Monsieur, you have no finer in England.”

And indeed the thirty-seven cows of the old Abbey Farm are nobly housed, for they are lodged in the ancient refectory, about slender fluted pillars, under a superb groined roof. They will pad home soon from the dewy pastures to their racks of fragrant new-mown clover and their litters of clean straw. To my untechnical eye it seems that the Abbey cows have nothing to complain of, but old Pipriac looks round with an air of not entirely favorable criticism.

“H’m! h’m!” he snorts, abstractedly sampling the backbone of yesterday’s calf as it tumbles about in its cradle of hay. “H’m! h’m! The Patron should have taken me on. Oh, là, là! Did you ever see such work? A boy’s, I wager: Paul’s, by the look of it. No good, that young man. *Tenez*, Monsieur, I used to sleep in that wooden box fastened up to the wall. Never slept sounder. A bed for a king, *quo!* I was always with my cows, night and day. I had a name for each. The old bull stood in this corner, the brigand!”

Those humid eyes again! I really think old Pipriac is more than a little soft.

“I called him Baby!” he sighs.

We are at the great door again now, where Monseigneur and his lady, of blessed memory, kneel for ever. Old Pipriac stoops for his bundles and sabots.

“Without indiscretion,” I shout, “what is your idea, your great plan?”

Leaving his impedimenta where they lie, the little man straightens himself up. And, behold you, a miracle! For the Circe spell is broken: the cowherd

semblance has fallen away: the dispossessed nobleman is the Grand Seigneur again. He seems to have gained some inches in height: his hand rests on the knob of his cudgel as on a sword-hilt. It is no longer "old Pipriac" who stands there, but the high and puissant Comte Auguste-Marie of that name, heir indisputable to all the quarterings and emblazonments that a private heraldic agency may rake up for him from dusty parchment rolls. His eyes are dry now and sparkle wrathful fires, for the blue blood of a warrior Chouan stock surges hot in him.

"My plan?" he says grimly. "My great plan? Well, you must know, Monsieur, it was not only a matter of cows and so on. Monsieur, in that village, before they fired it, I saw—a thing.—Listen, then."

Why did he tell me it—the horror not to be written—that turns a man sick—wakens him at night to sweat and curse and rage impotently? Christ! Why did he tell me?

"You understand now," he finishes, "why I am going north. I *must* get there, up to the fighting line. They will take me on to carry the wounded; a deaf man is as good as another between the back-shafts of a

stretcher. That's one. Then from what they tell me, there'll be plenty of képis, overcoats, rifles, and things lying about. A turn of the hand, and your ambulance man is in the trenches, a full-rigged "pioupiou," number and all. Nobody will ask questions there. If they do—why, I'm deaf, you know: tympana burst by a bomb. That's two. And then I've got to find him—the Prussian fiend I saw that day. I shall find him. And that's three—and finis—for him or me."

He slings his bundles over his shoulder and holds out his hand.

"Bonsoir, Monsieur."

"Bonsoir, Monsieur le Comte. Good chance!"

"Oh, chance!" he laughs. "That goes of itself. For I'm an extraordinary lucky fellow."

Thus speaks Monsieur le Comte Auguste-Marie de Pipriac, cowherd and chevalier, and twitches his trousers blue. He trudges off—northwards, battlewards—down a lane splendidly tapestried with mauve tangles of monksbeard, and already blurred by the evening mist. All that is dark about his figure is rapidly blended with the thickening shadows. Only his white bundle now stands out from the purple background. It glimmers faint—fainter—is suddenly lost.

Charles Oliver.

THE NAVY AND ITS WORK.

Prologue and peroration are not often vital parts of a speech, but in Mr. Churchill's naval statement both contained very important points. We will deal with them at once. In his prologue Mr. Churchill claimed that, on war being declared, the Navy was found to be in a very different state from the Army for the work before it: the Navy was fully prepared

in all ways for the campaign; whereas the Army had to be made eight or ten times as big as the start of the war found it—so that "the War Office has been, and is, engaged in the vast processes of expansion, improvisation, and development entirely without parallel in military experience." It is strictly true, and it is valuable indeed to have from a Cabinet Minis-

ter so frank and full an admission. Last August we went into the war utterly unprepared for anything in the nature of a huge land campaign against a Power like Germany; as we ventured to put it ourselves—"We were no more prepared to go to war with Germany than we were to go to war with the infernal regions"; although (1) Germany, with, it must be admitted, singular candor, had in 1912¹ formally told our Government that she wished to dominate Europe, and expected us to look on whilst she did so; and (2) our *entente* with France and grouping with France and Russia made it reasonably certain that, when the German attack on Europe came, Great Britain would be called on to fight with her European associates, not only on sea, but also on land, and on a great scale.

We desire to say no more of this at present—though later there is not the faintest doubt in the world that the thinking part of the public will demand to be told why we went to war unprepared on the land side after our extremely clear warning in 1912. As to the Navy, we believe that, despite some criticism by Mr. Falle, M.P., the country will thoroughly agree with Mr. Churchill; the Navy *was* ready for the Great War; it was finely led, manned, and organized in every respect. Mr. Churchill himself, we would add, merits high credit for his work. We sometimes have not quite relished the tone of his wordy arguments with Germany; it would be better perhaps if he restricted himself to *argumentum ad baculum*, so far as Germany goes; but his energy is a most inspiring thing in war, and we are convinced he has done great things for the aerial branch by taking part in it himself. Mr. Churchill and his predecessors have done very well in-

deed in regard to the Navy; and we gladly and fully acknowledge it.

We can agree, then, without reserve with Mr. Churchill's prologue and with his proud and just claim that the Navy was ready for the vast work it is accomplishing and will, we firmly believe, carry through. But we dissent altogether from a statement in his peroration—namely, that the Navy "could, if need be, even in default of all other favorable causes, ultimately by itself decide the issues of the war." We do not know to what school this theory of naval might belongs. It may be the blue-water or the blue-air school; and we note with some surprise that it is apparently approved by some eminent writers. But whoever holds or does not hold it, we must dissent. The Navy cannot travel overland. It cannot fight in Poland or in Northern France, and it cannot get across the Rhine, or clear out Belgium. Of course, the meaning is clear enough—namely, that ultimately, if the worst comes to the worst, the Navy could, by its tremendous unseen pressure on Germany and Austria in the matter of food supply and trade, starve them out, and so finish the war. But it is a question, an open question; and in any case we prefer not to imagine a prolongation of things which might well mean the terrible crippling and paralyzing of the Allied land power. It would be ill indeed for us: how much worse for our heroic and devoted Ally France, who is suffering in this war in a way we do not perhaps always fully realize owing to our island position? This war has to be won on land; whilst the British Navy—aided by the Navies of France and Russia, and, we are happy to think, by our excellent friend Japan—is playing its splendid part. This will be fully realized before very long now when Lord Kitchener's great Armies take the field.

¹ The exact date in 1912, a very important matter, has, however, not yet been given to the public.

We turn now to the development of the naval side of the war through the submarine threat of Germany. Mr. Churchill has done well to warn us that Germany's threat of blockade by submarine is not idle. It is not to be lightly received. Almost certainly there will be losses—more serious losses, perhaps, than the mercantile marine has yet suffered. There has been too much derision of the German threat—as though it could be treated merely as a threat on paper—as an attempt to frighten the enemy and to flutter the neutral Governments of Europe with words and documents. There is no doubt at all that the German Admiralty is making ready to wage war in an entirely novel way—a way disallowed by the laws of the sea—altogether unexpected and incalculable. In this new form of warfare—a barbarous warfare thrust upon the enemies of Germany to the very natural uneasiness and anxiety of all non-belligerents—there must needs be surprises on both sides: some of them necessarily distressing. The German Government is clearly set upon going the whole length of its proclamation. It has attempted to justify the literal terms of this proclamation to the American Foreign Office; and there is no doubt that the literal terms represent Germany's literal intention. German submarines will be ordered to sink at sight all suspected vessels, without search or inquiry. It is pleaded that this action is necessary because search and inquiry expose the submarine to attack. The same excuse is pleaded for the impossibility of invariably discriminating between British and neutral vessels; more especially if German commanders are not helped in the selection of their quarry by the invariable flying of a British ensign upon British ships. The Admiralty is right in refusing to take lightly Germany's threat, and in

telling the public frankly to be prepared for serious results.

It is, of course, absurd for Germany to claim that her proclamation establishes a blockade or anything approaching a blockade. Germany's subtle proposal to the American Government that the Allies shall give free passage to German supplies in return for a raising of the German blockade by submarine—that is, indeed, absurd. It is almost as absurd as a proposal would be from us at this moment that Germany should withdraw from Belgium and from Russian Poland on the understanding that France withdrew from Alsace. But, though Germany's assumption of a blockade which does not exist is absurd, Germany's threat to harass murderously and pitilessly all ships found in British waters must be taken seriously. It will not vitally affect us; but we must be ready to endure losses, and we have every reason to believe that the Germans will be as bad as their word.

As Mr. Churchill has said, "A new position is created." Germany's conduct of the war by sea has compelled the British Admiralty to reconsider its policy. Since war broke out it has been English policy to keep well within the limits of what is permissible by the laws of war. Imports of food have passed into Germany unchallenged. Neutral ships have passed directly into German ports and out again. These were immunities enjoyed by Germany out of respect for international agreements which she has now contemptuously shredded. Every impartial critic will allow that the British Fleet is now morally entitled to draw tighter its constriction of the enemy. It is *legally* entitled to do so; for Germany is now a fortress where all supplies are administered directly by the Commander. The law is that all supplies passing to a bel-

belligerent army are contraband. Since all the resources of Germany are now in the hands of the War Staff and the whole country has been put upon rations, food is as legally contraband as copper or petrol. Great Britain might naturally have hesitated to take the advantage which in these circumstances the letter of the law allows. But the German proclamation makes any further hesitation impossible. Mr. Churchill informs us that the whole policy of the British Fleet as to contraband is being reconsidered, and that the Allied Governments are preparing a declaration which will "have the effect for the first time of applying the full force of naval pressure to the enemy."

This brings us again to a question we have frequently discussed. "The full force of naval pressure" of which Mr. Churchill speaks will necessarily mean yet more loss and inconvenience to neutral countries. Almost the first effect of the German proclamation was to bring forward once more the problem of the neutral nations. The reluctance of the Allied Governments to make the state of war more difficult and perplexing for neutral countries than is necessary has been shown again and again. Courtesy and fairness to the neutral nations have largely dictated the conduct of the British Fleet in its assertion of our supremacy at sea. England entered into the war as champion of the rights of a neutral State, and she has hitherto strained no point of international law in her own favor. Few of the neutral Governments can have avoided reflecting how differently the proclaimers of blockade by submarine would have asserted such a mastery of the sea as the Allies have now established. The Prussian hand upon the neutral trader would have been heavily and harshly laid. Germany's proclamation, if she commanded the

sea to-day, would run: "Let all ships forbear to trade with the enemy and keep out of the enemy's waters; otherwise it may be necessary to sink them at sight, discrimination being difficult and dangerous." The British Admiralty will proclaim no such thing. Neutral countries will hardly fail to appreciate the difference between a belligerent which though it has the power of a giant forbears to club like a giant and a belligerent which sets out to club like a giant though happily it has but a little power.

Sir E. Grey's note to the United States must surely bring home to America the difference between the British and German attitude towards neutral countries. The German proclamation of blockade by submarine must lead to new conditions on the sea—conditions which are a menace to American ships and cargoes. We hope that no neutral Government will lose sight of the true origin of these new conditions. It is not now merely a question of using neutral flags or the right of search. It is a question as to whether any Power can, without incurring the hostility of all civilized Governments, be suffered to proclaim that it intends to sink outright, without warning or inquiry or examination, any ship conjectured to be conveying English crews and cargoes. Can such a proclamation be allowed to go unchallenged? Is there a Government in the world which will accept it as coming within the laws and customs of civilized warfare? According as this question is answered by the American Government the attitude of America to Great Britain will be determined. If America disapproves of the proclamation as heartily as we believe she does, it will also be realized in America that Great Britain has to meet it, and that it can only be met by the full pressure of the British Fleet and by

every lawful and traditional device of open war.

When the main question is settled the details must needs fall into place—details, for example, as to the neutral flag, as to contraband and detention. The neutral countries have to decide who is responsible for the coming state of the war by sea, and to deal fairly by both parties according to that decision. As to the safety of neutral ships, clearly there can be no more safety for any ship that sails so long as there is a German submarine to infest the sea, or a German mine-layer to steal about the water in a suitable disguise. Germany, who began as the declared enemy of one neutral State, now menaces the lives and property of all. It is not Great Britain who threatens the safety of ships that fly the American flag, though she has used, and may use again, that flag for the protection of non-belligerent vessels. Germany has herself proclaimed that all flags are suspected; that no flag shall necessarily procure the ship it serves the right of all merchant or passenger ships that pass the sea—the right of establishing her immunity from attack by proof of her neutrality.

The British position is unassailable, but we must not think that it will not be assailed, or that it is necessarily proof against attack. The British

The Saturday Review.

Government have a hard task in front of them. We believe that Sir E. Grey's note to America will be read and understood by the majority of observers in America; but we also realize that the new British naval policy—the policy of *full pressure*, the policy of treating Germany as an armed camp to be starved if necessary into submission—will alarm and offend many American traders. Full advantage of this will be taken by the German party in America. Difficulties will occur and recur. But the British attitude is now declared firmly. Its justice and necessity are proved. The sea-power which we have built up at enormous cost is to be used with all possible regard for non-belligerent nations, but it is to be used at full power. The British Fleet is not the only, nor it may be the decisive weapon in this war; but it is a weapon which, given the full and deadly play it requires, will strike at the enemy with increasing effect as the months go by. This full and deadly play will henceforth be allowed; and we firmly believe that, though its blows and the enemy's counterblows obliquely bring loss to the neutral Powers, our policy will, in their eyes, be justified as the only possible retort to an enemy which has compelled belligerents and non-belligerents to share alike the risks of the war.

ETIQUETTE.

The readers of the *Observer* have been deeply moved on the last two Sundays by a problem in etiquette set by a lady who signs herself "A Soldier's Widow." "A Soldier's Widow" is anxious to know whether it would be the correct thing to ask her nephew, who is a captain, to dine with

her along with another guest who is only in the ranks. She is also troubled in conscience as to whether it is right to be seen walking with her two sons at the same time, the one son being an officer and the other a private. And she asks for light on such matters as whether a private

soldier should use a London club or travel first class or go to the stalls in the theatre. We have heard the question discussed whether "A Soldier's Widow" is a real person or a character in fiction. Whichever she is, her questions, at any rate, are almost oppressively real. They are types of questions that have caused a million million heart-burnings in the human race and the waste of a million million thoughts. Etiquette is the grammar of behavior, and men aspire after correct grammar more than after truth or wisdom. Burns may insist with democratic heartiness that "a man's a man for a' that." But, as everybody knows, being a man is a very different thing from being a gentleman. A man's a man, even if he eats peas off a knife, or tucks his napkin in among the buttons of his waistcoat, or wears a red tie with evening dress. But, in most houses in the comfortable parts of London, if he did any of these things, he would cause more excitement than an escaped puma. He would become, by virtue of them, not a man but a foreigner. He would be looked on as a person ignorant of the language of the circle in which he found himself. He might have the heart of corn, as the vulgar put it, but, then, so might a Zulu. He might be the equal of his fellow-guests in intellect, in honesty, in courage, in tenderness, even in wealth, but, if he were not their equal in knowledge of the nouns and verbs of etiquette, he would be regarded as a curious, and, in many cases, an offensive kind of savage. Courtesy, of course, comes to a great extent from good nature, and a good-natured man usually succeeds in some measure in being a good-mannered man. But etiquette is more than good manners. It is the manners of a class and the manners of a time. In many instances it had its origin in good man-

ners. But in the end it comes to be treasured, not because good manners absolutely require it, but for its own sake. Thus, in the olden times, a knight would naturally take off his iron gauntlet before giving his hand to a lady in order not to hurt her, and the masculine custom of taking off a glove to shake hands was justified by good and sufficient reasons. Yet among a great number of human beings this etiquette of the glove was observed with no less religious scrupulousness in the reign of Queen Victoria than in the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Englishmen are inclined to smile at the Chinese for the rigor and detail of their etiquette, but possibly a Chinaman would find the detail of English etiquette as amazing as the detail of Chinese etiquette seems to an Englishman. We turned for curiosity the other day to the etiquette section of *The Woman's Book*, and the directions given there on such matters as the correct way to eat soup would be enough to convince an Oriental that England, so far from being a free country, is a country in which the people live in servitude to trivial and meaningless ceremonies.

"Soup," we are told, "should be eaten with a table-spoon, and taken from the side of the spoon. When the quantity of soup on the plate is so small that it cannot be easily taken up by the spoon with the plate in its normal position, gently tilt the plate—not towards you, but away from you—so that it can be taken up more easily."

Is the Chinese tea-ceremony so very much more thorough than that? The Englishman, as he eats his soup, is allowed no more will of his own than a German soldier. He must—though the author has forgotten this—take the spoon in his right hand and not in his left. He must take his soup from the side of the spoon and not

from the point. He must tilt his plate away from him and not towards him. While he is eating soup, the boasted individual liberty of the Englishman is as though it were not. And, at every course of the meal, he is equally hampered and circumscribed. How shall he eat asparagus? Is he to use a knife with the savory? May he eat rice pudding with a spoon? What will happen if he helps a lady to salt? How is it possible to eat an orange with decency? Who knows? Etiquette is at his elbow again to direct him on such points as this:

"The skin and stones of grapes and cherries should not be ejected direct from the mouth to the plate. The hand should be raised to the mouth to receive them."

This, one might imagine, is a matter of instinct rather than of etiquette. But no one can think so who has ever seen a ploughman at dinner. The natural man at table is capable of more than Habakkuk. Neither instinct nor etiquette forbade gentlemen to wear their hats at table, and even to spit at table, in the polite days of Charles II. It is etiquette, not instinct, that forbids these things to-day. At the end of the meal in Charles's day the guest dipped the end of his napkin in a bowl of water set before him, and proceeded to clean his teeth and wash his hands with it. Nowadays such a use of napkin and finger bowl would be regarded as a new sin. The modern etiquette of the napkin, by the way, as it is set forth in *The Woman's Book*, affords another delightful example of the sheer arbitrariness of etiquette—especially of etiquette as we find it in the books:

Do not fold your serviette after dinner at a friend's house; leave it on the table before you. When staying on a visit, however, a serviette will be allotted to you for ordinary occasions, then the serviette would be folded and placed in the ring."

We must not be taken as endorsing in every particular the laws of etiquette laid down by this authority any more than we endorse her abominable use of the word "serviette" for a table-napkin. Still, we can imagine how some learned author three centuries hence, writing a huge book on the manners and customs of the English in the twentieth century, will deduce from works such as that from which we have quoted that English conduct during this period was an affair of innumerable iron rules. And if he turns from social etiquette to professional etiquette, he will find a similar host of little rules ordering the lives of soldiers and doctors and barristers. Perhaps even three centuries hence there will still be remnants of etiquette surviving, but it will hardly be the same etiquette that perplexes the outsider to-day. Etiquette in the medical profession is already less rigid than it was a quarter of a century ago. The patient is now permitted to consult a specialist without a word to his family doctor, and yet without offence. The physician is not yet allowed to advertise, but the definition of advertisement is scarcely as strict as it used to be. In Germany, we are told, it is not etiquette for the family doctor to send in a bill for his services—the patient has to decide the rate at which a man with his income can afford to pay for medical attendance. England is by comparison a free country for doctors. The etiquette of soldiers is, of course, infinitely more stiff and ordered than that of any of the civil professions. This is necessarily so, as with soldiers it is essential to be trained in habits which ensure instant obedience and subordination of self to one's commanded duty. Every now and then people begin to discuss the question how far all the salutations and pipe-clay of soldiers do really make for

discipline, and at what point discipline ceases to make for efficiency. Obviously the etiquette of the German Army is much more rigid than the etiquette of the British Army, and the etiquette of the British home Army is much more rigid than the etiquette of British Colonial troops. Which degree of etiquette produces the finest military results? Each of us will probably answer less according to the evidence than according to his prejudices. It is quite clear that the German etiquette has done nothing to prevent the creation of a wonderful military machine. But was it the etiquette that made the machine, or was it not rather the quasi-mystical patriotism which has for a long time been instilled—or ought we to say drilled?—into the German people? Even, however, if we admit that the German military machine is the result of German military etiquette and discipline, the further question remains whether the German military machine is worth it. It may make Germany strong in a military sense and yet have left her deficient in certain important humane and social qualities. Even the most perfect machine is not worth having at the expense of the life of a people. That, incidentally, is the difficulty of etiquette. It tends to invade not merely the sphere of manners and discipline, where it is necessary, but to substitute formalities for life—which is fatal. We see this especially in the case of religion. When we say that in religion men are inclined to live according to the letter rather than the spirit, we mean that, instead of worshipping God with their hearts, they are intent upon observing every little rule of etiquette towards God. It is not many years since children were forbidden to run on Sunday, even

when on their way to church—to do so would have been a breach of the heavenly etiquette. Sabbath observance and a host of other ceremonies—do they not gradually cease to have any relation to life and to degenerate into mere etiquette? And with how many people is church-going itself just an affair of etiquette—a kind of paying a formal call upon Heaven? Manifestly, when the life of etiquette takes the place of the life of the spirit, it is time for men to go law-breaking. Etiquette in its extreme form is an omen of death.

The ideal, then, we fancy, is to have a minimum rather than a maximum of etiquette. We need no more etiquette than enough to ensure good manners and discipline. Or, if we need a little more, it is only the amount necessary to guard ourselves against familiarity when familiarity is not desirable. Hence the etiquette of officer and soldier, of schoolmaster and pupil, of mistress and servant. In a perfect world, no doubt, every adult would be able to do his or her work without a great many formalities that we have to observe in these days. But, at the present stage of social development, to be familiar is with at least fifty per cent of people to take advantage of one's familiarity. It is easier to work smoothly both with one's superiors and with one's subordinates if one's relations with them are ordered by rule instead of caprice. There is many an officer in the Army who would have no influence over his men at all if it were not for military etiquette. Whether it is a proper justification of etiquette that it makes things easier for us—especially that it makes things easier for the incompetent, as it does—is another question.

OXFORD IN WAR TIME.

Who that beheld her robed in May
Could guess the change that six months later
Has brought such wondrous disarray
Upon his *alma mater*?

Distracted by a world-wide strife,
The calm routine of study ceases;
And Oxford's academic life
Is broken all to pieces.

No more the intellectual youth
Feeds on perpetual paradoxes;
No longer in the quest of truth
The mental compass boxes.

Gone are the old luxurious days
When, always craving something subtler,
To Bergson's metaphysic maze
He turned from Samuel Butler.

Linked by the brotherhood of arms
All jarring coteries are blended;
Mere cleverness no longer charms;
The cult of Blues is ended.

The boats are of their crews bereft;
The parks are given up to training;
The scanty hundreds who are left
All at the leash are straining.

And grave professors, making light
Of all the load of *anno domini*,
Devote the day to drill, the night
To Clausewitz and Jomini.

While those who feel too old to fight
Full nobly with the pen are serving
To weld conflicting views of right
In one resolve unswerving.

No more can essayists inveigh
Against the youth of Oxford, slighting
Her "young barbarians all at play,"
When nine in ten are fighting,

And some, the goodliest and the best,
Beloved of comrades and commanders,
Have passed untimely to their rest
Upon the plains of Flanders.

No; when two thousand of her sons
Are mustered under Freedom's banner,
None can declaim—except the Huns—
Against the Oxford manner.

For lo! amid her spires and streams,
The lure of cloistered ease forsaking,
The dreamer, noble in her dreams,
Is nobler in her waking.

Punch.

PITFALLS IN BOOKLAND.

Every bookman knows that the taste for buying books inevitably outruns the capacity for reading them. At first a man buys a book only when he wants it vehemently—when he is so anxious to enjoy it that he despatches the preface while he is waiting for his 'bus, and runs through the first three chapters in the suburban train. Then he begins to buy books because he will want them some day in the future; and he puts them on his shelves and forgets about them, and goes out to buy more. After this he becomes rapidly shameless and buys for all sorts of reasons. He buys books because they are standard works, because he does not know what he has done with his other copy (the first duplicate marks the acute stage of the disease), because he has not bought one for a long time, because he was never in that particular shop before and did not like to leave without getting something, because he wanted it to complete a series because it was such a handsome edition, and even because it was such a bargain. He buys for the sheer joy of acquisition; that delight in making things grow by one's own effort which turns respectable dentists into stamp-collectors, and induces elderly Civil Servants to take up gardening. It is not until he is compelled to change his residence and finds that the num-

ber of volumes to be moved has swollen in some incomprehensible fashion from hundreds to thousands that he realizes how firmly the habit has him in its clutch. There was once a Methodist minister, now deceased, who suffered many things from the conflict between his bookish proclivities and the nomadic habits of life necessary in his calling. He dragged at each remove a lengthening chain of packing-cases from circuit to circuit, until at last the burden became too great, and his family were compelled to jettison them secretly and in detail by the wayside. When he retired from the ministry and sat down to an honored old age, he established his library about him, and then the discarded volumes began to return to him like bread upon the waters. Obscure manses in the Midlands yielded up rich freights of dogmatic theology; soap-boxes, full to bursting of historical treatises, were identified by his initials in the cloak-rooms of provincial railway stations; sackfuls of his property were reported from lonely parishes on the shores of the Atlantic, and washed up by goods delivery on his doorstep. He was probably the only human being who owned nine different sets of answers to *Essays and Reviews* without ever reading one of them; and when he died they descended intact to his family, who were

unable either to read them, sell them, or give them away.

On the economical side it is, of course, impossible to put forward a convincing defence for so hardened a criminal; the book-lover alone will understand and sympathize. But there is a danger in the habit much more subtle than the expense, and quite as deadly. If you begin by buying more books than you can read, there is great likelihood you will end by reading more books than you can digest. Every one knows the story of the lady who, after listening to the stunning catalogue of Southey's daily activities, interjected the question: "But pray, Mr. Southey, when do you *think*?" The question arises naturally to our lips when we happen to meet that alarming portent, the well-read man. His aim in life has been to get through as much printed matter as he possibly can without regard either to its fitness for him or his fitness for it. He has exercised his eyes at the expense of his brains. He prefers heavy works in many volumes, covering long periods with vast detail. He is a perfect arsenal of titles. His idea of rational conversation is to pin you in a corner and compare the number of books he has read with the number you have read, in the eager hope of making you ashamed of yourself. Deprive him of the printed page and you leave his mind a blank; it is a mere safe-deposit of other men's opinions, and never reacts upon its contents. Where the oracles are dumb, he is mute. Instead of a thought he can only offer you a quotation.

The *Spectator*.

It is a strong proof of the inherent goodness of human nature that a man of this kind often commands the respect of people less lettered than himself. They have an admirable humbleness which leads them to think that one who has read so much must have learned a great deal. Despite the evidence of their senses, they believe devoutly that the man cannot be quite devoid of intelligence who knows off-hand that Massinger and Ford have nothing in common with the motor industry. And yet with all his knowledge, his mental state may be worse than his who followed the plough and was busied with the goad and whose talk was of bullocks; for books, like edged tools, should be used wisely or not at all. They are not outside remote things, only to be bought and sold, read and forgotten, set upon shelves and counted up in thousands. If they are not personal and vital to us, they are whitened sepulchres fit for nothing but destruction; they turn us into literary gramophones, mechanically repeating the words of wiser men than ourselves; and this is not the character proper for a student of letters. He should have something of himself to add to what he has received from others. It is not enough for him to transmit whatever knowledge he may have acquired; to justify his standing in the world he must pay his own tribute to the common store. His thoughts may be moulded from the gold of other minds, but to be made individual and valuable they must be stamped with the seal of his own character.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

With these four volumes¹ Miss May Morris brings her task to an end. Her introductions to each volume have increased our knowledge and admiration of her father; and they are written, we believe, as he would have wished them to be written. We can see from them that in his family he was not the great man but their father, only more wonderful than other fathers because he was more wonderful in every way. Miss Morris writes of him always as a father, telling without any official reticence what she, as his daughter, knew of him; and her only desire is to remember, never to suppress. In Volume xxii. she tells us about his favorite books, which were the books he read aloud to his family and discussed with them. They ranged from the Bible to "Handley Cross" and "Huckleberry Finn." If some deserving book was read to him, he would sometimes begin to fidget and then after a few pages thank the reader kindly and say that he really and truly could not stand it. But he could stand a great many books. "I have about done Mommsen (he has thinned me down a good deal)," he writes in one letter, "and I am reduced to reading a cookery book for the present very moderate reading except when one is really about to get to work in the kitchen."

"Many is the time," Miss Morris says, "that his family have regretted not having played Boswell to his Johnson." But you can hardly play Boswell to your own father, if he was a father and not merely an eminent person domesticated. Morris was too natural a man to take notes about; and we would rather have what his

¹ "The Collected Works of William Morris," With Introduction by his daughter, May Morris. Volumes XXI.-XXIV. (Longmans. The 24 volumes, £12 12s.)

daughter has given us, the memories of a life which he made so happy and vivid that no one while it was passing could think that it would ever need to be remembered.

The last volume of the edition consists mainly of poems that have not been published before, poems written at all periods of Morris's life. The most important of these are the scenes from "The Fall of Troy"; the first version of the Prologue to "The Earthly Paradise"; three stories written for "The Earthly Paradise," but rejected; and "The Pilgrims of Hope." It is of the last of these that we wish mainly to speak, so we shall only say a few words about the others. The scenes from "The Fall of Troy" were written after the poems in "The Defence of Guenevere" volume, and left unfinished. They are in the dramatic blank verse of "Sir Peter Harpdon's End"; and, like that poem, they are thoroughly dramatic, as anyone will discover who reads them aloud. But there is a strange contrast between their dramatic force and the sense they give one of being concerned with

Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago.

It is as if all the characters were ghosts, and yet real ghosts that move us to pity and fear. Here are the words of Menelaus when he issues from the Wooden Horse within the walls of Troy:—

There is a certain one in this doomed town
Who thinks the worst is over, and
fears now
Nothing but coming old and death at
last;
I shall be as a ghost to her to-night,
Brother, fear not for me, I must
away
To talk with Helen—may be to unclasp

Her arm from round the neck of
Priam's son.
O faithful friends who now so long
have fought
For me and my dear right, I pray to
Zeus
Your swords be sharp on this wild
rainy night.

But no extract can show the cumulative power of the scenes, fragmentary as they are; and one can hardly refrain from being angry with Morris for leaving them unfinished.

The rejected Prologue to "The Earthly Paradise" is in ballad metre, which can be the only reason why it was rejected, for it was a masterpiece of story-telling, sometimes swifter and more vigorous than the second Prologue. The three stories for "The Earthly Paradise," "Aristomenes," "Orpheus and Eurydice," and "The Wooing of Swanilda," were rejected, perhaps because they were too long. In the last two Morris is never quite at his best, but "Aristomenes" contains some wonderful passages. All, however, are well worth reading, not merely by "students," but also by those who care for poetry.

"The Pilgrims of Hope" is a modern story, mainly in the metre of "Sigurd," which appeared in numbers in the *Commonweal* in 1885-6. Morris would not reprint it because he thought it needed more revision than he could give it at the time; but three numbers from it, "The Message of the March Wind," "Mother and Son," and "The Half of Life Gone," appeared in "Poems by the Way"; and the whole was privately reprinted by Mr. Buxton Forman and afterwards pirated in America. Often when a great artist has done a new and wonderful thing he is half afraid of it. That was so with Keats when he wrote "La Belle Dame sans Merci"; and perhaps it was so with Morris when he had written "The Pilgrims of

Hope." For in it he did what no other modern poet has done: he wrote a story of his own time as exciting as a novel, and yet rising easily and often into high poetry without any incongruity between the less and the more poetical parts. As it is a Socialist story, written for a Socialist journal with a propagandist purpose, it ought, of course, to be a failure; and no doubt it would have been if Socialism to Morris had been merely a theory; but it was more than that to him, more even than a cause or a religion. It was an adventure, like war; and he lived and moved and had his being in it. His Socialist hero is himself, thrown into other circumstances; and he talks in the poetry that was a natural language to Morris. Here is a passage in which he sees soldiers going to war through the mob of London, and is filled by their music with the thought of another war better worth waging:—

Faint and a long way off, the music's
measured voice,
And the crowd was swaying and
swaying, and somehow, I know
not why,
A dream came into my heart of de-
liverance drawing anigh.
Then with roll and thunder of drums
grew the music louder and loud,
And the whole street trembled and
surged and cleft was the holl-
iday crowd,
Till two walls of faces and rags lined
either side of the way.
Then clamor of shouts rose upward,
as bright and glittering gay
Came the voiceful brass of the band,
and my heart beat fast and fast.
For the river of steel came on, and
the wrath of England passed
Through the want and woe of the
town, and strange and wild was
my thought,
And my clenched hands wandered
about as though a weapon they
sought.
The sudden yet easy rise from the

lower to the higher level is best seen in the number called "New Birth," where the hero first hears a Socialist speaker. Morris describes the meeting from the life; Dickens could not have done it better in his own prose:—

So we went, and the street was as dull and as common as aught you could see;

Dull and dirty the room—just over the chairman's chair

Was a bust, a Quaker's face with nose cocked up in the air;

There were common prints on the wall of the heads of the party fray,

And Mazzini dark and lean amidst them gone astray.

Some thirty men we were of the kind that I knew full well,

Listless, rubbed down to the type of our easy-going hell.

My heart sank down as I entered, and wearily there I sat

While the chairman strove to end his maunder of this and of that.

And then the speaker begins:—

And even as he began it seemed as though I knew

The thing he was going to say, though I never heard it before.

He spoke, were it well, were it ill, as though a message he bore,

A word that he could not refrain from many a million of men.

Not aught seemed the sordid room and the few that were listening then

Save the hall of the laboring earth and the world which was to be.

And when it is over he goes out of the room:—

And now the streets seem gay and the high stars glittering bright;

And for me, I sing amongst them, for my heart is full and light.

I see the deeds to be done and the day to come on the earth,

And riches vanished away and sorrow turned to mirth;

I see the city squalor and the country stupor gone,

And we, a part of it all—we twain no longer alone

In the days to come of the pleasure, in the days that are of the fight—

I was born once long ago: I am born again to-night.

There is "Sigurd" made contemporary; with the speech that seemed to belong to the past telling of what happens here and now, because Morris himself lived in it with foresight and passion, and it was a story that he himself was making and uplifting to be worthy of his own language.

Every one who has read "Mother and Son" must have felt curiosity about the woman who speaks in it. She is not every woman, but an individual giving glimpses of herself; and here we see the rest of her, so that the poem is far more moving and wonderful in its setting than when it was published with nothing to link it to "The Message of the March Wind" and "The Half of Life Gone." Here is a description of their first home and their first happiness after they came to London:—

and so up here we came
To the northern slopes of the town
to live with a country dame,
Who can talk of the field-folks' ways:
not one of the newest the house,
The woodwork worn to the bone, its
panels the land of the mouse.
Its windows rattling and loose, its
floors all up and down;
But this at least it was, just a cot-
tage left in the town.

There might you sit in our parlor in
the Sunday afternoon
And watch the sun through the vine-
leaves and fall to dreaming that
soon

You would see the gray team passing,
their fetlocks wet with the
brook,

Or the shining mountainous straw-
load: there the summer moon
would look

Through the leaves on the lampless
room, wherein we sat we twain,
All London vanished away.

The story is not all Socialism, for

the woman in it is unfaithful to the man with a friend whom he still admires and loves; and Morris treats his sudden discovery of her unfaithfulness as Dostoevsky might have treated it, or Tolstoy before he began to pass judgments on his characters. Here is the passage with all the subtlety of their prose and yet with the music of poetry, although it may be here and there a little hasty and careless:—

Then I turned about unto her, and a quivering voice I heard
Like music without a meaning, and twice I heard my name,
"O Richard, Richard!" she said, and her arms about me came,
And her tears and the lips that I loved were on my face once more,
A while I clung to her body, and longing sweet and sore,
Beguiled my heart of its sorrow; then we sundered and sore she wept,
While fair pictures of days departed about my sad heart crept,
And mazed I felt and weary. But we sat apart again,
Not speaking, while between us was the sharp and bitter pain
As the sword 'twixt the lovers bewil dered in the fruitless marriage bed.
Yet a while, and we spoke together, and I scarce knew what I said,
But it was not wrath or reproaching, or the chill of love-born hate;
For be like around and about us, we felt the brooding fate.
We were gentle and kind together, and if any had seen us so,
They had said, "These two are one in the face of all trouble and woe."
But indeed as a wedded couple we shrank from the eyes of men,
As we dwelt together and pondered on the days that come not again.

That line about "the sword 'twixt the lovers" makes the poem one with

"Sigurd" and shows us how naturally the mind of Morris treated an old story and a new one with the same simplicity and yet subtlety, the simplicity that comes of full knowledge and an emphasis upon just those things that are best worth telling.

The woman and her lover die in the last fight of the Commune in Paris. One might expect the story of their death, told by the hero who sees it, to be a certain failure, either dull or violent. Yet it is as vivid and moving as the rest of the poem. In that it is easy to find faults. There are passages that, by themselves, sound like reciter's poetry, passages that Morris, no doubt, would have re-written if he had chosen to publish the whole. But these faults do not prevent the poem from being alive throughout. They are faults of haste in an artist who suffered from his extreme facility, not faults of conception. So as you read the whole poem through you are too much interested in it to remember them. Indeed, you hardly remember that you are reading poetry. It is the man and the woman, not the verses, that fill your mind, and the verse itself always rises instantly with the theme, as in "Mother and Son" and "The Half of Life Gone," where it is all music and yet all natural speech.

Among the early poems is a very strange one called "The Long Land," which seems to be about Faust in hell. At least, Margaret comes to him and sings one of those faint unearthly songs that Morris made in his youth as if he had dreamt them:—

Dear Lord, what a child he is!

He seems never meant to meet
The world's scorn and cruel bliss,
All the struggle down the street.

Lord, the eyes within my wings,
I can feel their colors play
With their struggle for these things,
They so long to be away.

It all reminds one of Peer Gynt and Solveig; and again one wonders why Morris dropped it with so many other promising experiments and deviations from the main line of his art. He seems to have been too diffident about such things, as if he distrusted himself when he departed from his usual simplicity of theme, and was afraid of becoming morbid and futile. But in "The Pilgrims of Hope," at least,

The Times.

he carried an experiment through; and, now that it is published, we have a new treasure of poetry, novel and vivid enough to make us even now turn away from the newspapers to read it. But we hope that it will soon be published in a cheaper form for those who cannot afford the twenty-four volumes of this edition. As for those who can, it is a final reason why they should buy it.

THE GOVERNMENT, THE WORKMEN AND THE WAR.

The patriotic sacrifices made by the working classes from the moment of the outbreak of war have not been called in question by anybody who knows anything of the facts. They poured into the new army without waiting for the Government to promise decent provision for their wives and children or for themselves. They subscribed to the Prince of Wales's Fund. In those industries where special efforts were needed to supply arms or clothing or boots for our soldiers and our Allies, they worked day and night at such a high strain as to cause serious concern for the health of great bodies of working men and working women. Lastly, though the war broke out when the working classes were organizing their forces for a general and necessary campaign for better wages, they called a truce, and so far from pressing their claims, they made concessions, concessions of principles regarded normally as indispensable, in order to diminish working difficulties and to expedite production.

During the last few weeks there has been a revival of the tone of controversy, and Labor Members in Parliament have warned the Government that a spirit of discontent is rising among the working classes which may

have important consequences. To what is this due? The answer, we think, is simple. Doubtless something must be allowed for the effect of a slow and wearing war on the social temperature of the nation. We have little news from day to day, men are dying and suffering in their thousands without a decisive result, and here, as elsewhere in Europe, a sense of *ennui* may have settled on a people that last August had braced itself up for a supreme crisis. If anybody had said at that time that a day would come when the fashionable racing world would grudge the wounded soldiers the shelter of the Grand Stand at Epsom, because they wanted to take lunch there, he would have been told he was talking malicious slander. Nobody can keep quite at war pitch from the first day of war to the last. Our working classes, like the rest of the nations, are subject to the reactions and the cold fits of war. But this is not the main or even a large cause of the change of temper of which Labor leaders warn the Government. Still less is it the case that the working classes are beginning to doubt whether we did right in going to war last August. They know, like the Socialists who met in conference a fortnight ago, that a

victory for the invaders of Belgium and France would be a victory for the forces of Imperialism and class power, a view that Germany has done her best to drive home by her methods of making war alike by sea and on land.

No; the true analysis of the mind of the working classes will find the explanation somewhere else. Last August we thought of the whole nation as animated by the single-minded inspiration of patriotism. Nobody knew what we might have to suffer; everybody was convinced that any sacrifice that was needed must be made. But we thought of those sacrifices as universal and impartial. Six months have passed, and the working classes find themselves face to face with a rise of prices that spells poverty in the better-off home and destitution in the worse. If this were the consequence of a state of siege, if we were all suffering the pinch of famine, if for a whole people the choice was between hunger and surrender, then the working classes would bear their fate with the same fortitude as other Britons; we should be taking our burdens like our fellows in the trenches. But once let the working classes imagine that they are the victims, not of war, but of a profit-making spirit in some of their fellow-countrymen, and a very different situation is created. It is their duty to make sacrifices for the war, and there must be few working-class homes on whom the war has not cast its shadow. The great majority of the men who are struggling in the mud of Flanders or the mud of Salisbury Plain have come from those homes. But that is not their only duty. It is their duty to save the working-class world from the crippling and degrading consequences of a loss of power; to guard, not less in war than in peace, the great permanent cause for which generations and

generations have maintained their long struggle. Defeat or failure in that task would be a public calamity of which the results would be incalculable and indefinite; we are paying still for the ravages of the Napoleonic War on the strength of the working classes and their resources for defence. To judge from one or two of the speeches in the House of Commons this truth is not more apparent to certain of our politicians than it was to Sidmouth or Castle-reagh a century ago.

To men and women who suspect that their misfortunes are due, not to the war itself, but to the success with which certain interests are turning to their own profit the situation created by the war, who see, and see quite rightly, that if prices rise and wages stand still, they will be weaker in the social struggle that will continue after the war, and is the most important factor of their lives, it is no argument to say that prices were higher in the Franco-German War. Statistics that seem so conclusive and comforting to the intellect of a rich man, mean nothing to the man who has to live on 15s. a week instead of a sovereign. Nor is it convincing to be told that the law of supply and demand is a master who will take no laws from the House of Commons. What if Labor chose to invoke that law for itself? The war has put workmen in a position in certain industries in which they could make what terms they liked. It is only public spirit that restrains them. What they ask is that they shall not be at a disadvantage because they are public-spirited, while some other people seem to be doing business very much as usual. It is here, we think, that the Government have been deficient in imagination and sympathy. One thing is surely clear, and that is that the exploiting of the working classes

would be treason not only to the general understanding under which we have been living, but to the highest interests of the nation. Of the remedies suggested, not all are wise or practicable, though it is difficult to believe that the nation is powerless to protect itself in the case of coal. But at any rate the Government should regard the situation of the workpeople as of supreme importance, and they should be just as ready and resourceful in defending them from a fall in real wages as they were in defending other great national interests that were threatened by the disturbance of credit.

In the case of the railwaymen, the Government have recognized this with excellent results, and we wish that in other directions they would act in the same spirit. Take the case of agricultural labor. The Government admit that there is a strong case for raising wages, but they will have to avoid the impression that they are treating the problem as if it was merely a question of helping the farmers to a supply of cheap labor. The Farmers' Unions and the Labor Exchanges are to co-operate, with a little help, perhaps, from an indulgent bench of magistrates who think a child is as well in the fields as in the schools, but the laborers' unions, it seems, are to be ignored, as if we were in the eighteenth instead of the twentieth century. The permanent national interests that are threatened by any such surrender, are scarcely less important than the supply of food. One speaker at a meeting of the Chamber of Agriculture said that the men do not like working seven days a week; in other words, the nation is to pay for the harsh conditions the farmers impose

on their laborers. Take, again, a question that was raised in the House of Commons: Are the Trade Boards going to revise their recommendations in the light of the heavy fall in the purchasing power of the wages they had fixed? "No," comes the answer. "Let the working-class representatives on the Boards raise the question, if they think proper." Surely this is a case in which the Government itself should act. Take, again, the vast volume of contracts given out by the Government, carrying with it influence and authority in all directions. Why should not the Government in all these cases stipulate for an increased wage? The war, if it has increased the opportunities of profiteering interests, has increased also the powers of the administration, and they should be used as readily in this case as they have been wherever public interest was associated with private enterprise. The Government need not be afraid of outstripping public opinion. In this instance, as in that of soldiers' and sailors' pensions and allowances, they are behind rather than ahead of the expectations of the great mass of thinking people. If they satisfy the working classes that they are seriously concerned to secure their just claims, their creation of a tribunal for recommending terms of settlement in disputes in armament industries will probably succeed. The great sense of responsibility of trade union leaders is manifest; without it we could not have had six months of industrial peace. But their efforts will fail if the working classes are allowed to believe that the Government, though anxious for peace, are indifferent to justice or insufficiently alive to it.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Napoleon taught us that in war the moral factor is far more important than the material. The moral impression made by an occupation of Constantinople would be profound, and it would be greatest in Turkey. Hitherto the Turkish Government has succeeded in deluding the people. The Turks have been told of splendid victories gained over the Russians and English. Patriotic Turks expect as a result of the war the regeneration of Turkey and the reconquest of Egypt, of the Caucasus, and perhaps of the Crimea. The occupation of their capital and the destruction of the armies guarding it will be a terrible revelation to them. It means not only a great defeat for Turkey. It means Turkey's downfall; the disaster can neither be hidden nor be explained away. Presumably it will not be possible for Turkey to continue her resistance. The Sultan, the Turkish Ministers, and the German Generals may flee to Asia, but they cannot hope to re-take Constantinople or to effect much against the Russians in the Caucasus or against the British in Egypt and on the Persian Gulf. If Constantinople is taken, Turkey is likely to collapse. The infuriated populace may turn upon the men who have ruined the country, and new leaders may ask the Entente Powers for peace. At any rate it seems likely that with the fall of Constantinople Turkey need no longer be considered as a military factor by the Allies. The bulk of the troops opposing the Turks in the Russian Caucasus, in Asia Minor, and on the Suez Canal could be withdrawn and be employed in the Eastern and Western theatres of war where their help is needed. The downfall of Turkey would deeply depress Germany and Austria, presaging their

ultimate defeat. Military men would think of the hundreds of thousands of Russian and English soldiers whom Turkey's downfall would set free. German and Austrian businessmen and the public in general would be deeply depressed, for they have sunk many millions in financing Turkey, building her railways, etc. To the Russian, French, and English, on the other hand, the conquest of Constantinople would be a sign of ultimate victory. Such a magnificent feat of arms would cheer them greatly, and it would evoke the wildest enthusiasm among the Russian people, who for centuries have striven to regain for the Cross the city of their dreams, the holy city of their Church.

The fall of Constantinople would have far-reaching consequences upon the economic, political, and military situation. The scarcity of wheat and its high price are due largely to the cessation of Russia's wheat exports from the Black Sea. The effect of the opening of the Black Sea may be seen from this, that the news of the bombardment of the Dardanelles sufficed to bring about a marked fall in wheat prices. The opening of the Dardanelles would undoubtedly lead to a sensational fall in wheat quotations. Speculators in Chicago and elsewhere, who have been cornering wheat, would be seized by a panic, and their sales would cause a collapse in prices. The economic position in England would be greatly eased by a sensible reduction in the price of bread, and at the same time the opening of the Dardanelles would immediately improve Russia's financial position. Russia pays the interest upon her huge foreign debt by means of her exports, and among these wheat occupies so important a place that one may say

that she pays her coupons in wheat. The Russian Exchange would immediately improve, and Russia's industrial position would also be vastly benefited. It must not be forgotten that Russia's foreign trade has been almost completely stopped. She requires many manufactured goods from abroad. Her military action has been greatly hampered by the cessation of her imports. As soon as the Allies have occupied Constantinople and the Straits Russia will undoubtedly receive vast quantities of war material, of which she stands in need. Their possession will no doubt greatly increase Russia's energy and striking power in the coming campaign.

The fall of Constantinople should have very important results upon the neutral States. Its effect would tell, in the first instance, upon Bulgaria and upon Rumania. We have been told that Rumania was unable to join the Entente Powers because of the equivocal attitude of Bulgaria; that Rumania could not denude the country of troops as long as she felt threatened by a resentful Bulgaria, which might stab her in the back.

The occupation of Constantinople would enable the Allies to exercise a severe economic and military control over Bulgaria, while the neutrality of the latter might be rewarded with some of the territory which it conquered from the Turks in the recent Balkan war, and which it subsequently lost to them by its own folly. Rumania would no longer be able to claim that she was unable to occupy the coveted territories of Transylvania and the Banat, feeling doubtful about Bulgaria's attitude. Hence the fall of Constantinople might lead, and should lead, to an early attack of Rumania upon Austria-Hungary. If she further abstained from action her attitude would no doubt be very severely judged by the Allies. Her chance of

incorporating those provinces of Hungary which are inhabited by almost four million Rumanians and two million non-Rumanians might be gone for ever. Rumania would scarcely miss the psychological moment for intervention.

Rumania and Italy are in a similar position. Both nations were not ready for action at the time when the war broke out. Both nations have strong claims on territories of Austria-Hungary on the grounds of nationality. Both have since the outbreak of the war very greatly strengthened their Armies, and have declared that they would act in the national interests "at the right moment." As Italy and Rumania have similar claims and occupy a similar position it is likely that they will act simultaneously. This impression is strengthened by the movements and declarations of Italian and Rumanian statesmen, and by the attitude of the inspired Press of the two countries. The occupation of Constantinople should therefore lead not only to the settlement of the Balkan difficulty, which is supposed to have been the principal cause which has hitherto lamed Rumania's action, but it should also bring about the simultaneous, or the nearly simultaneous, intervention of Italy and Rumania. These two States possess very considerable forces, which have the advantage of being fresh and fully supplied with all the paraphernalia of war. Man for man they would probably be superior to the worn-out secondary levies, small in number, with which Austria-Hungary and Germany might oppose their invasion.

The two Empires can obviously not defend themselves on all sides. They have concentrated their energy upon action in the East and West and have neglected Serbia in the South. Serbia is, of course, too weak to invade Austria-Hungary single-handed, but

she would undoubtedly join in an invasion of the Dual Monarchy by Italy and Rumania. It seems very doubtful whether Austria-Hungary would be able to resist a simultaneous attack by the Russians in the East, reinforced by two million or more Italians, Rumanians, and Serbians in the South, or whether Germany would be able to spare considerable forces for supporting her unfortunate Ally against such an attack. Last, but not least, it is doubtful whether Austria-Hungary will continue to fight if she is attacked in force in the South. It is conceivable that she has informed Germany that she cannot continue the war if Italy and Rumania should attack her, that in that event she would be forced to make a separate peace. It seems therefore within the bounds of possibility that Austria-Hungary may ask for peace before Italy and Rumania have embarked upon active operations. Possibly the mere mobilization of Italy and Rumania will induce the Dual Monarchy to discontinue a resistance which would be hopeless. After all, there are limits to treaty fidelity. There are limits to national, as there are to individual, endurance. The most solemn engagement between individuals and nations cannot force one of the signatories to commit suicide. *Ultra posse nemo obligatur* is

The Outlook.

a principle which applies to all agreements between individuals and nations.

The fall of Constantinople would obviously mark the turning-point of the war. It would mark the end of the period when Germany was able, owing to the support she received from Austria-Hungary and Turkey, to carry the war into the enemy's country. The fall of Constantinople would betoken the downfall of Germany and Austria. Possibly the change from the one period to the other would be sensational and immediate by Austria-Hungary asking for peace. Possibly Austria-Hungary might continue to fight to the bitter end. In the latter case, the Armies which Russia, France, and England are supposed to be preparing for the spring campaign would be reinforced by the troops set free by the collapse of Turkey and by those which Italy and Rumania are likely to employ earlier or later. The Allies would attack the two Empires in a decided numerical superiority. England and France have, during the seven months of the war, provided themselves with the heavy artillery and the other war material which they lacked in the beginning, and Russia's military outfit would no doubt be immensely strengthened by numerous shiploads which are awaiting the opening of the Black Sea.

J. Ellis Barker.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Husbands of many varieties there have been since Adam gave the first illustration of the excuse worn threadbare by his sons; but in Miss Margaret Widdemer's "The Rose Garden" appear a new husband and a new wife. The two deliberately make a marriage of interest, and it is highly approved by all their friends, but only

by the interposition of an utterly good-for-nothing person do they escape wrecking their lives, and disappointing their well-wishers. Possibly, the secret of their good fortune is that the only meddler in the book is a meritorious bull-dog, and his behavior is purely professional and disinterested. Dog-lovers may like to

know that he is a duplicate of Miss Widdemer's own devoted servant, and that his caparison evokes the envy of all human beholders. The romance is both pretty and agreeably absurd, and it is to be feared that its female readers will wish that Heaven had made them such a man as its hero.
J. B. Lippincott Company.

No more candid and careful statement of theological belief has issued from the press of recent years than "Our Knowledge of Christ, an Historical Approach," by Lucius Hopkins Miller, a Professor of Biblical Instruction in Princeton University. It is careful, painstaking, candid. Professor Miller approaches Jesus with a tender spirit of reverence. He never states his own view dogmatically, though he self-evidently leans towards a conservative liberalism in theology. He does not accept the Virgin birth—that is plain; but he does believe that modern physical research gives a hint concerning the Resurrection not to be ignored. He also feels that mental healing, faith healing, Christian Science, form a gateway, as well as the miracles of Lourdes, through which the thinking man must approach the miracles of Jesus. His interpretation of the teaching of the Nazarene is striking and he denounces the assertion of many critics that there is not enough of it to form a real ethics. He finds that teaching inspirational, not didactic. At the end he declares, "The modern question is not, 'Is Jesus like God?' but rather 'Is there a God of the same quality of life as that possessed by Jesus?'" Henry Holt & Co.

Arthur Davison Ficke is the author of a sequence of fifty-seven "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter." In them he draws the portrait of the lady of his love. The publisher claims that Mr. Ficke is "the one American who is a

consummate master of what is most exquisite in poetic craftsmanship" and the poet goes near to proving for himself the high acclaim, yet in the presence of a man like Madison Cawein, even of the rough, irregular and vigorous Markham, it is a good deal to rank this sonneteer as "the one American"; but his verse is of a high quality, polished, rare, classical in choice of phrase. He uses invariably the English form of the sonnet rather than the Italian and perhaps gains thereby in directness, the Italian form suggesting artificiality to any but a Florentine. Be that as it may, stateliness and directness the poet has attained.

"And yet I seemed as smitten deaf
and blind.

I heard but fragments of the words
they said.

Life wanes. The sunlight darkens.
You are dead."

That is the close of the 55th sonnet and its absolute simplicity shows the power of the poet. Mitchell Kennerley, publisher.

"Young Earnest," by Gilbert Cannan, might be entitled with almost equal truth "Gilbert Cannan," by Young Earnest; for Mr. Cannan is very much in earnest, he is only thirty, and he has filled the book with his own personality to an unusual degree. It is a book of revolt, often harsh and cynical, and occasionally literally revolting, but not insincere. The essential content is the experience of John René Fourmy with femininity *pro tem.* His chief interest for the judicious reader will not lie in the negligent manner in which he runs morally amuck, but in his stubborn determination not to accept any sentimental or conventional substitutes for the ideals of life which he finds within him, and in his blind struggle to reach a mode of life which shall incorporate these ideals. Mr. Cannan

is an even fiercer enemy of shams than Bernard Shaw, but a constructive element appears in his work which Mr. Shaw has generally lacked. He suggests H. G. Wells, but deals more with individuals than with classes. Nietzsche and Strindberg also lurk in the background, but Gilbert Cannan himself is unmistakably the chief personage in the book. "Young Earnest" is not a pleasant book, and its view of life is one sided; but it cannot well be overlooked by anyone who is interested in the trend of English literature. D. Appleton & Co.

The hypocrisy of the ordinary church-goer is a well-worn subject and its treatment by an interpretation of the thoughts of the men and women entering service far from novel; so Nina Wilcox Putnam starts out badly handicapped on her dramatic satire "Orthodoxy." The reader harks instantly back to so many, many "others." Mrs. Putnam has added an original touch by inducing the "great god Pan" to attend church by way of the window-sill, and his antique, not to say antic, views of life and duty simmer pleasantly in to the hot-bed of falsity and lust which the authoress depicts. She has also had the kindness to add one sincere Christian, a girl singing in the choir, thereby another moment of refreshment. Mrs. Putnam has a pleasing wit, a natural touch, an exquisite diction and handles her far-from-fresh subject cleverly. Mitchell Kennerley.

Dr. C. S. Bluemel's monograph on "Stammering and Cognate Defects of Speech," published in two volumes by G. E. Stechert & Co. of New York, is the fruit of years of systematic investigation, and embodies a theory which, if it seems revolutionary seems also reasonable and well-sustained by known facts. This theory is

that the cause of stammering is purely mental, the primary cause being a temporary inability to recall in the mind the sound of the word which the stammerer is trying to utter, and secondary causes being fear, auto-suggestion, bewilderment and distortion of the mental imagery of words. The first volume, on "The Psychology of Stammering," unfolds this theory, and applies it to the elucidation of the familiar phenomena and paradoxes of stammering. The second volume describes and discusses the possibilities and limitations of contemporaneous systems of treating stammering, and sharply assails the quacks and charlatans who exploit the solicitude of parents and the suffering of children. The work appeals equally to physicians and to parents.

Dr. George Harris, President Emeritus of Amherst and former Professor at Andover, has written concerning "A Century's Change in Religion," and a very charming book has he made of it. Dr. Harris has always been noted for the subtle play of his humor. He has not forgotten that grace of joyousness here. All through his spirited account of the old Puritanism, of the gradual change through Unitarianism, Hopkinsianism, Bushnellism, of the old worship with its long prayers, longer sermons, and strict blue laws to its present-day rather loose representation, there flashes a keen appreciation of the humor of it. He is a careful historian, drawing his facts from all obtainable sources, showing an intimate acquaintance with the literature of each age, a profound erudition; but the book is something more than learned and correct—it is living. It flames the men and customs, the beliefs and hatreds of old, before the reader as vitally as if they were of to-day. Not the least interesting chapter of the book deals with

the famous trial of the Andover Professors a quarter-of-a-century ago; Dr. Harris was one of the five "heretics." Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. W. L. George's latest novel, "The Second Blooming," (Little, Brown & Co.), adds one more study of marriage to those in which he has discussed the relations of wives and husbands; but it goes further and expounds the duty of sisters towards one another, to all their kindred and connections by marriage, ending with the acceptance of the flattering theory that "he that hath the ashes of anything good hath an eternal possession." The three married sisters whose experience illustrates the maxim are Clara, Mary, and Grace. Mary has children uncounted, Clara achieves success as a promoter of fashionable philanthropies, and Grace contrives to eat her cake and have it too, and is as happy as either of the others although she ought to be miserable. Mr. George has never closed his eyes to the unpleasant truth that the duty of repentance is the very last which human beings will perform without the stimulus of religion, and Grace is a perfectly comfortable adulteress. There is not an offensive word or scene in the story which is very long, and full of humor, with here and there a touch of the most delicate pathos. Mr. George has mastered the art of conveying a meaning indirectly, and making his big clumsy men more interesting than his elegant self-assertive women.

Master William Shakespeare, gentles all, is the historical personage about whom Master J. C. Snaith, he who wrote "Broke of Covenden," has builded his story of "Anne Feversham" whose strange adventures did move her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth to amazement. Also, the lady's acting of the part of Rosalind did cause

Gloriana to change her mind, and to show mercy where she had openly vowed that mercy there should be none, and such was not her Majesty's habit. But it must be remembered that Mistress Feversham's habit, both before and during her marvellous adventures, was such as Elizabeth Regina was not accustomed to see worn by her female subjects, being a pair of leathern galligaskins, and long boots of untanned leather. In these garments, a doublet matching them, a cloak of a darker hue and a blue cap plumed to match, she was attired when she met Master Shakespeare, and when she forwardly and disobediently left her father's roof, released a convicted traitor from durance, and went wandering through bush and through briar. And thus did she come to play Rosalind in Master Shakespeare's comedy of "As You Like It." Master Snaith shows the position occupied by play-actors like Shakespeare and Burbage, and the easy contempt with which they accepted it, and turned the mysteries of their craft to their account when occasion served. Jest changed to grim and tragic earnest brings about the punishment of a proper villain, and high fortune comes to Master Shakespeare's first Rosalind even as he is reading "Romeo and Juliet" to her and her lover. The drolling of the two mummers in their lighter moments is of a pretty gayety, and one could wish for more of it than Master Snaith's fine sense of proportion allows him to bestow upon his readers. The tale is sad enough here and there to be fit for winter, but too sad for young or old to endure upon the painted scene. Gloriana has the last word as is her royal due, but Master Snaith lays his readers' hearts at the feet of Mistress Anne Feversham, as was the way of all who met the lady. D. Appleton and Company.

